THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL.--Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE OLD PORTRAIT.

BY W. G. STEWART.

A beautiful portrait hung in the hall
Of an ancient house, on the wainscoat wall,
Whose hues were softened by age's wand;
I passed all the paintings quietly by,
But to the sweet-faced lady drew nigh;
There was a smile of love in her beaming eye,
And a half-blown damask rose in her hand.
The bordered cap that confined her hair,
And shaded the forehead so purely fair,
Was knotted below with a silken string;
I thought that an angel looked down on me
From the land where the happy spirits be,
And I scanned the figure if I might see
Where the artist had hidden her snowy wing.

While I stood like one enchanted and gazed
With hands enclasped and eyes upraised,
A light sound fell gently upon my ear:
A lady from within a recess came—
I thought the portrait had left the frame,
So like in feature, her form the same,
And on her pale cheek was a glistening tear.

"I have seen you stand with admiring face,
And the lineaments of my mother trace,
As I saw her beauty in years that are fled;
When before you wandered across the sea,
Within our mansion she loved to see
Your boyish caprice and gaiety—
We shall see her no more, for, alas, she is dead!"

The thought made my heart with happiness wild,
That the beautiful lady loved me when a child,
And I reverence the picture as the saints I revere,
For I know that those who in this world of distress,
Give tender affection and kindly caress,
Will look from the bright clime to guard and to bless
Their loved ones who tread the dark wilderness here.

New Orleans, July 20, 1864.

MARY ANN'S CHILD.

BY W. BARNES.

Mary Ann was alone with her baby in arms,
In her house with the trees overhead,
For her husband was out in the night and the storms,
In his business a toiling for bread;
And she, as the winds in the elm-heads did roar,
Did grieve to think he was all night out of door.

And her kinsfolk and neighbors did say of her child
(Under the lofty elm tree),
That a prettier never did babble and smile
Up a-top of a proud mother's knee;
And his mother did toss him, and kiss him, and call
Him her darling, and life, and her hope and her all.

But she found in the evening the child was not well
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she felt she could give all the world for to tell
Of a truth what his ailing could be;
And she thought on him last in her prayers at night,
And she looked at him last as she put out the light.

And she found him grow worse in the dead of the night
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she press'd him against her warm bosom so tight,
And she rock'd him so sorrowfully;
And there, in his anguish, a-nestling he lay,
Till his struggles grew weak, and his cries died away.

And the moon was a-shining down into the place
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And his mother could see that his lips and his face
Where as white as clean ashes could be;
And her tongue was a-tied, and her still heart did swell
Till her senses came back with the first tear that fell.

Never more can she feel his warm face in her breast
(Under the leafy elm-tree),
For his eyes are a-shut, and his hands are at rest,
And he's now from his pain a-set free;
For his soul we do know is to heaven a-fled,
Where no pain is a known, and no tears are a-shed.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

RUSHTON.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY C. A. H.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Hope heard the children's lessons—Grace was drawing from a plaster model. A droll letter full of caricatures, from Frank, lay on the table, and a low fire burned in the chimney. The sun shone in clear and bright, and the open window let in the soft spring-like air. It was the "January thaw."

"That finishes the Greek history. Now we will play maps," said Marion, getting out scraps of geography in this artful way, and teaching them, before they knew it, how all the counties stood in reference to each other. They had scarcely finished when Bessie and Mrs. Harper came in. Grace put on her bonnet and took the children to walk. On the table stood the card basket, with two or three cards in it. Aunt Harper took them up. One had "*Alpheus Cotton*" written on it.

"Where did you get this? Why, it's Mr. Cotton's mute brother! Has he been here?" said Mrs. Harper, surprised.

"I never thought of that, I declare! Why he doesn't look the least like him. Where did I get it? He gave it to me. I rode with him last autumn in the stage coach to Nelson's Falls."

"Why, didn't you ever know about Alpheus Cotton? Well, I think you hardly would, perhaps; Mr. Cotton never speaks of him," said Mrs. Harper, meditatively.

"I see now," said Marion, "why he was so much delighted when he saw my name, which I wrote on the slate, and Rushton, which I wrote also. I wondered why he was in such a state of delight, but supposed it only his natural expression. It's very fatiguing to talk with mutes, or to see others do it, don't you think so?"

"I never tried to talk with any mute but Alpheus Cotton. I liked to see him write so quick and eagerly. Perhaps it was because in his case the matter came up to the manner. He was so grateful to his brother for all he had done for him."

"It is very strange," said Marion, "that I never heard before of this person. I should suppose he would have been here, or that I should have heard of him in twenty ways."

"You know you have been in Rushton only six or eight years, and this happened twenty-five years ago at least; before Bessie, here, was born. You know, or you must know that Mr. Cotton's parents were very poor and intemperate. Well, Mr. James Cotton—that's our friend, you know—went from good to better, as he grew older, till he was old enough to keep school, and get enough some way to go to Exeter Academy, and there they thought so much of him that they persuaded him to go to college at Hanover—and somebody lent him some money, and somebody else offered to give him some, but he wouldn't take a cent—I like him for that—don't you? Well, he was in his second year at college, when his brother Alpheus fell from the top of the house where they lived and hit his head. He fainted away, and when he came to himself was stone deaf. Oh, it was so dreadful to him, he told me, when he noticed that nobody spoke to him, and at last, after repeated entreaties on his part, and tears on theirs, they wrote to him on a slate, 'you are deaf!'"

"Just as they did to John Kitto," said Marion.

"Yes—but, oh, how shocking the surprise must have been to him. Alpheus has described to me the long processes by which he came to dispense with sounds and make up by his other senses their loss—but, there! in telling about that, I forgot about James. What could be more noble than his conduct? On hearing the news, he came directly to Rushton. He came the day after to see me. I was always attached to him, for a good, bright, promising boy, as he was—and he got but little comfort at home, poor fellow! It seems the fall of Alpheus was somehow brought about by the senseless directions of his half intoxicated father, and that is one reason he always seemed to feel pain at Alpheus' coming here after the parents died. The associations must have been very sad."

"But what was the noble conduct you speak of?"

"Why, he left college at once, and sent this boy to Hartford to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Of course all he could earn would not more than support the two, and when I remonstrated with him on what I called his Quixotic generosity, I shall never forget his sad, reproachful look. 'You cannot mean what you say—is it not enough that he must lose his speech and hearing? Would you be willing to plunge his soul into pagan darkness?' So he sent Alpheus away, and came to Rushton and took care of his old parents, who were always sober while he was here, and studied law—finally he was admitted to the bar, and a very fine lawyer he makes, you know—nobody more successful at the Kennebec bar. The parents died long ago, and he soothed their dying beds with the tenderest care and nursing. Oh! he is a model son and brother!"

As Mrs. Harper turned to place the card in the basket, she caught the expression of Bessie's face, suffused with pleased emotion, and her eyes full of tearful admiration. She glanced towards Marion, and saw that the expression was not lost on her. Hastily changing the subject, she rose and looked out of the window, commenting on the spring-like look of everything abroad. Bessie had time to compose herself and to say she was going to call on Mrs. Dwight.

"And will you ask her, Bessie, to come here this afternoon and take tea with me, quite alone? I mean to see if I cannot get rather more acquainted with her, and if there is only me to talk to, she must talk a little."

"I never found her so very reserved," said Bessie, tying her bonnet.

"You have a talisman, then, that gives you what you want," said Marion, archly. "I can't draw her out."

"Where does this brother live now?" said Marion. "And how happens it that I have never seen him here?"

"He lives in Philadelphia, and is married there to a deaf mute, with some property. He learned book-keeping at Hartford, and has good employment as clerk in a large establishment there. I rather think he does not often leave home. He stayed a day or two with James last fall, about the time you saw him. Oh! you were gone to Nelson's Falls!"

"Have they any children?" said Marion.

"Yes, two. It was curious, James said, to hear of his conduct at the birth of the first child. As soon as he was admitted to his wife's room, he brought a great pan full of stones and iron things, which he shook with violence enough to half tear the house down, close in the ear of the unfortunate baby. The baby screamed and signified that its hearing was perfect. His joy knew no bounds when he ascertained that. He danced about like a wild thing, kissing his wife and shaking the noisy pan at her, then running to the child and shaking it at him, then bursting into a new fit of grateful glee, that the nurse said was really very affecting to see."

"Yes, I think so," said Marion. "Must you go now, Bessie? Don't forget to tell Mrs. Dwight."

Bessie walked on, but not directly to Mrs. Dwight. She took the "Silent Way," for reasons best known to herself. If she had been asked, she would have said she was looking for the epigeia, or trailing arbutus, the most deliciously fragrant blossom of the earliest spring. It peeps up, rosy and sweet, from under the snow bank as a herald of summer treasures, and perhaps by taking the "Silent Way" she might find some. Perhaps she wanted to think over what she had heard for the first time. She had been struck with admiring astonishment at the simple nobility of James Cotton's character. And this man she had laughed and trifled with—perhaps trifled with his affection. If he had any affection for her! Sometimes she had thought it—been sure of it! She felt as if she could go down on her knees to him now, to tell him how noble, how worthy, how far more than worthy he was of such a foolish thing as she! She thought of him tearfully—how many times she had laughed at his manners, at his awkwardness. Oh, what matter was it, with such a soul as his, what the casing of it was!

It was a fortunate thing for Mr. Cotton that Bessie was so overflowing with admiration for his inner man that his outer was for the moment of no account in her mind; so that when he met her in the "Silent Way," it mattered not that his dress was illy put on, and his hat thrown far back on his head. She looked only at his brown eyes, with a wistful eagerness. She placed her hand in his with a cordial unreserve for once, free from coquetry or affectation. They walked on silently, rapidly; she, still abstracted, as if under an enchanted spell—he, waiting, wondering at her manner, which, always changeful, was never strange till now. In all moods of womanly witchery he had seen her; sparkling, gay, racy; sometimes bashful, sometimes angry, always to him charming, but now mysterious. She walked on with the same quick unwearied step, her eyes raised half to Heaven, and with a serene, quiet smile on her lip.

At the end of the "Silent Way" there is a little arbor, made of evergreen, with a garden seat, in case one should be fatigued. To this seat Bessie led her companion. He looked at her with undisguised astonishment.

"Bessie!" said he.

The sound of his voice broke the spell. She resumed her natural manner, but unable to control her raised feelings, she could only answer his exclamation with silent blushes. He stood before her as she sunk on the seat. When she at length looked up into the brown eyes, they were full of a tender sweetness that she had never seen there before. It was only a moment, only a look, but she was sure, quite sure now. She placed both her hands in his, she looked timidly in his eyes, as he stammered:

"You will not deceive me, Bessie, I know. Tell me I am not deceiving myself!"

And Bessie softly uttered the "no" that was sweeter than any "yes." She looked up with a gentle, humble look, that gave to her face all the charm it had ever wanted.

"No, I will not and do not deceive you! And—and you must be patient with me—and all my many faults."

"*Me* patient! can it be true? Tell me again, and again, Bessie!"

Nothing in the world could make her so happy as to be able to make him so, but it was more than two hours before that feat was accomplished. So much to say, so much to compare, to wonder at. It was quite late when they came in a moment to say to Mrs. Hope that they had entirely forgotten about Mrs. Dwight, and to ask if to-morrow would do.

"Oh yes, any day," said Mrs. Hope, laughing. "But will you not come in, Mr. Cotton?"

"Hereafter you must ask Bessie what I am to do," he answered, laughing.

"Ah! that is it, then?"

"That is it; good-night."

They walked home, two very happy persons together, who four hours before had been two unhappy ones apart.

"One thing you are to promise me," said Bessie.

"I don't like to promise," he answered.

"What, not even me? But you are already promised to me! you can't get away from that!"

"Tell me what it is that I must do, then!"

"You are always to call me Bessie!"

"That I always do, you know," said he, surprised.

"Yes, but you are to call me Bessie, and nobody else! I won't have you calling any other lady by her Christian name—remember that! I will not share my privilege with any one!"

She laughed, kissed her hand to him and ran into the house. That was the beginning of his education. He was an apt scholar under her pleasant and loving tuition, and fully proved the good sense of Mrs. Hope's remark "that it would be a good thing for Mr. Cotton to be married."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Mrs. Dwight, in pursuance of Marion's invitation, came to take tea with her, she found her with a preoccupied and serious air, very unusual.

"You are not very well to-day, I think, Mrs. Hope."

"Very well; perfectly. I am only thinking whether—are you easily surprised, Mrs. Dwight?"

"Surprised!"

"Yes, are you easily agitated?—or do you take things composedly? It takes so very little to put me in a flutter." Marion was evidently in one now.

"My nerves are nothing to be very proud of, I must confess; but I hope you have not been hearing anything painful as well as surprising," answered Mrs. Dwight, looking with interest at Marion's varying face.

"I don't know—I have something here," and she laid her hand on her work-table drawer, "which came into my possession by a singular accident. At first I could not well think what to do with it, but the second time I looked at them and thought of them, it was clear to me. They belong to you, I think."

She took, as she spoke, the pile of yellow, discolored letters from the drawer, and handed them to Mrs. Dwight.

"There, you see, is the name, *Dwight*, on them—I think they must be yours, are they not?"

Mrs. Dwight drew the letters out, and opened them with a feverish rapidity. She glanced at one, then at another, at the date—at the signature—threw them down, and exclaimed, with a frightened look in her pallid face:

"Good God in Heaven! where did you get these?"

"Then they are yours?" half screamed Marion, clasping her hands. "Oh! I was so afraid they were not right!"

"Where did they come from? Where did they come from? Tell me! tell me! if you have any pity!"

Marion rapidly told her all she had done about them; Mrs. Dwight listened with an eager interest that changed the icy paleness of her cheeks into crimson. Then she read and re-read, with eyes that seemed to devour the pages. She read one letter; laid it by; read another, placed that in another pile, and so on till she had arranged them all. Marion watched her trembling hands and flushed face with strong interest. She had been afraid Mrs. Dwight would faint, if, as she hoped and expected, the letters were the clue to her painful and heart-breaking mystery. But, on the contrary, a new life seemed to have broken in on her and irradiated her whole being.

"All here!" she exclaimed at length. Then, with a look of intense thankfulness, she added, softly, in a whisper:

"Praise God!"

Marion judiciously left her to her own sense of renewed hope and happiness in life, for an hour or two. When she came into the room again, Mrs. Dwight was still reading the letters. She looked up so happily that Marion was drawn irresistibly towards her. She went to her and kissed her tenderly. She had been so much interested in her that it was now really a great pleasure to see her. Mrs. Dwight not only kissed her in return with fervency, but her eyes sparkled with grateful pleasure.

"Let me tell you, dear Mrs. Hope, about these letters. They are my own letters, written, and as I thought sent to my husband in California, from the time he first left New York. And here, too, are his to me, full of affection, of remonstrances, and finally of despair. Somebody must have done this for a purpose satanic enough."

"You know where Samantha said she got them, and she recognized them at once when she saw them. I am afraid there is no doubt whose work it is. Had Mrs. Lee any sufficient motive for separating you from her brother? Had she any feud with you? Had you ever any difficulty?"

"Never the least—on the contrary, she always treated me with the utmost affection. If it could be—if it were possible for so base a motive to induce her—but it is not possible!"

"She must have had some motive," said Marion, gently; "nobody would be wicked enough to do such a thing from sheer villany."

"Mr. Dwight is quite wealthy. His sister would be heir to his property in case of his death, unmarried," said Mrs. Dwight, rather murmuring than articulating the words. She seemed extremely unwilling to suggest such a motive.

"But these letters will prevent that," said Mrs. Hope.

"Yes; they furnish evidence, sufficient evidence, of the vile, underhand dealing of some one. I will not ask who, or why. But I will send them at once to my husband, in California. They will tell, better than any words from me, their own story. He will come back to me! I know he will! Ah! I have never doubted *him* for one moment!"

"You do not know what artful representations may have been made to him," said Marion; "as these letters of yours were evidently kept back from him, it is likely that sufficient reasons were given for your not writing."

"Oh, yes! do not let me doubt him! and how much, how terribly he must have suffered with the thought of my unfaithfulness and carelessness! Poor, poor Charles!"

Mrs. Dwight, in the present excitement and vivacity of her feelings, was so unlike her usual self, that Marion hardly recognized her identity. So transformed, so almost transfigured with new hope. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek and lips crimsoned, and her form seemed springing into new youth. The door opened, and Aunt Harper and her son came in.

"Nobody rejoices more than we do with you, dear friend," said Aunt Harper, when the whole story was told. "But how could you keep your own counsel, Marion, so wonderfully? I am sure I could not but have told all you, twenty times over."

"I don't think I could have managed it a week, possibly," said Marion; "my courage was failing before I could get her here, and then I had to send to you, to be sure and come by the time I had made the revelation. I was to have done it yesterday, you know—think of that madcap Bessie attending to her own affairs first! Isn't that a capital arrangement, at last?"

"Too bad! But I have ceased to wonder at matches," said Mr. Harper.

"It only remains that you astonish us out of our senses with yours, Governor. Seriously, I have not a word of objection to find to this match. On the lady's part, at least, it is an affection of long standing, and nobody can wonder at Bessie's winning any heart she has set hers on!"

"Nobody can be better worth winning, I am certain, than our excellent friend, Mr. Cotton," said Mrs. Dwight.

"You know how good he is, don't you, Helen?" said Aunt Harper.

"Yes; I know very well that his rather unpromising exterior covers a good heart and an accomplished mind. What more can a beautiful girl ask? I don't know the man for whom I have a more entire respect." She looked at Marion as she spoke, but Marion sprang from her seat and ran hastily out of the room.

"What now! I wonder?" said Aunt Harper.

"I thought I heard wheels at the door," said Mrs. Dwight.

Yes; there were wheels at the door, and a coach.

Marion stood at the door expectant. Then she stepped out towards the coach. She was not surprised. She had been looking for them every day for the last fortnight. First sprang out Captain Hope and clasped Marion in his arms, kissing her fifty times, and still holding her like a child to his bosom, when the other traveller got slowly out, paid the driver, and walked leisurely up the path towards them.

"Is it *he*? hush!" whispered Marion.

"Yes, it is! hush!" answered Captain Hope, whispering and laughing.

"Well—she is there—here! in the parlor! What will you do? Shall I tell him?' said she, under her breath. She looked up at Mr. Dwight. She saw a tall, spare man, listening eagerly to her. Her emotion prevented her saying a word; she only pointed towards the house.

"She is here, my good fellow!" said Captain Hope.

"Lead me to her!" was the husky answer.

Marion sprang out of her husband's arms, ran in and threw open the parlor door. Mrs. Dwight looked up. In the doorway stood a form she well knew. She sprang into his wide open arms, and lay there an insensible and happy burden.

CHAPTER XXIX

When Mr. Ritchie left Belle sleeping quietly, as he thought, he went out to his men and his mills. Everything went well. The eye of the master, steady and watchful, did its work. All the men feared and loved him. Generally, his heart was in the work of progress, and he was interested in all the details of labor. But this morning his face was full of deep shadow. If any of all those who looked at him had had a spiritual gift, they would have seen under the quiet, subdued face a spirit full to overflowing of suffering. He had hoped for so much in life! For so much in his married life! But a great gulf yawned wider and wider between him and her whom it was a mockery to call the wife of his bosom. There was no mistaking the fact, shut his eyes as he would, and had for many long months and years. A want, a hunger in his heart, for sympathy, spoke loudly, and would be heard. Oh! was there no way he could touch her or attract her?

It was impossible to attend to business. Many a day he had done what he did this morning. He tied on his fur cap, strapped his weather jacket round him, and coldly and precisely rode out of the village. When he was out of the sight of houses, he gave the horse the rein, and galloped off among the vast mountains. It was the relief he needed, and which never failed him. In all seasons, mother nature had gathered him tenderly to her bosom. The howling of the wind, the swirling of the snow, all rocks, precipices, thunder-gusts, were music to him. A vague sense of distress, a moan in his soul, were answered and soothed by the wild, sympathetic wailings of nature.

He rode on and on, many miles. His unwearied horse still gallantly breasted the storm and snow-drifts, but the rider felt at last both exhaustion and revulsion. He turned the horse's head towards home. Such a home as he had.

Before he reached Nelson's Falls, the storm had abated, and his own mind had calmed. Gentle thoughts came back to him. Often and often the remembrance of what Marion had dropped about the solitariness of women had come home to him. Perhaps, he thought, he had not done enough. Truly, it was much to ask. To take a woman from all that had made her life happy. Had he been to Belle all he should have been? Had he not taken it for granted that all his love should be known, and been too proud to show it? He was glad to reproach himself. Anything was better than to feel that she was wholly indifferent. What was so terrible as life, married life, with this long look into the future, uncheered by any light that makes life endurable? No, it was not endurable. He felt, as he had many times done, that it was more than he could bear to live; whenever the time should come that he must give up all hope—all hope of winning his wife's love.

As he rode into the yard, he saw Belle sitting by the window. The storm had ceased; the sun had broken through the clouds, and a soft spring-like air pervaded all nature. The light snow began already to drip from the eaves. A spring glow came over his heart. He looked at Belle as he rode by the window. She was dressed in a white wrapper, as if not yet recovered from her last night's illness. Twining up over the window, over the wall of the library, was a fresh ivy wreath, and Belle stood fastening it to the casement. When he looked at her he thought she seemed pale and sad, and her employment a mournful one. Somehow she made him think of a beautiful monument—funereal and cold.

He went into the house and made his toilette as carefully as if his mind had been ever so easy. Then he took out of his drawer the scarlet chaplet which Marion had given him when they parted. There are times when reason drops the reins, and impulse seems the only healthy and safe guide. He took the wreath, he knew not and asked not why, and went down stairs to the library. Belle was sitting with her back to the door and her hands lying listlessly in her lap. He walked softly towards her, and threw the chaplet over her head. She started, and smiled, slightly. The smile faded.

He led her forward to the mirror to show her the brilliant effect of the scarlet on her complexion. It made her look very handsome, certainly.

"You cannot deny it," said he, forcing a laugh, and speaking to the consciousness in her pale and lovely face.

"Nonsense! it makes me look like Pocahontas, does it not?"

His look of undisguised admiration pleased her. After all, there is no pleasure so pure and keen to a wife as the feeling that she is loved and admired by her husband. Belle was wife enough for that. Her heart thrilled with it. She looked down—she felt the hot blood over neck and brow, and turned away. She sat down by the window again, and played with the leaves of the chaplet. Her heart beat loudly. She felt her husband's breath on her cheek, his trembling arm about her waist. She looked up and saw his eyes filled with tears.

Her good angel pointed. Suddenly she turned towards her husband, clasped him round the neck, and sobbed heartily. He drew her close to him, so close—nothing ever should part them again—not death itself.

Neither of them spoke. No words could express or add to their happiness or their pain. They understood fully, now, what they had so long ignored in their perversity and distress, how sweet a flower they had been treading under foot, and they gathered it to their hearts for their future, evermore.

Half an hour after, Belle sat on the sofa, reading to Mr. Ritchie, his arm round her neck, and he playing with a ring on her finger, when the servant came to say dinner was ready. His look of unaffected astonishment was not lost on Belle, and she sat quietly amusing herself with the unwonted spectacle of Darby and Joanism they must have presented.

"I have seen Marion sit so, by the half hour together," said she to herself, "and I mean to be as like Marion as possible. It can't be anything foolish or undignified, anyhow."

One duty certainly prepares us pleasantly for another; so that, in all right effort, it is only the first step that costs. From the moment that Belle really desired to be a good wife, she was born into a new world of pleasant duties. She began to wish that her children should rise up and call her blessed, and that her husband also should have cause to praise her. It was astonishing how time sped with this new impetus. The day was not long enough for the new pleasures that crowded on her.

By the time Mrs. Ritchie had driven through the village with her husband and children half a dozen times, the old prejudices against her unaccountably softened, and Belle found it so very entertaining to say kind and pleasant things, and by so doing to bring smiles to all faces, and out of the happiness that was in her own heart, to beam it on others, that nothing seemed wanting to her popularity but time. As the winter wore away, she forgot how much she was alone, having her time filled up with talking with and teaching the children, training her flowers, minding her household, and waiting for her husband to come in, that she might pull the agricultural pamphlets out of his hands, and talk to him instead. He listens, pleased to hear her gay chatter, wherein all petty family details, all little nonsenses of the children, all descriptions of anybody who has come to the house, or, more wonderful still, through the village; every book she has looked into, old letters, Ally's drawing, Nelly's music from her own teaching, not very good but very loving and patient; scraps of politics; everything that her butterfly thought lights on and gilds, is music to his ears, because it is the voice he loves best in the world, and that speaks identity of interest in him and a desire to amuse him. She, too, knows about the logs and lumber, and can talk learnedly of them. By and by he drops asleep, and then she hushes the little ones, that papa shall not be wakened. After all, he has not changed much. He wakes by and by, and takes up his pamphlet; reads about swine and top-dressing, and horses, as he did long ago. He rises early, and, it must be admitted, goes directly to his mills. But not until Belle has made him promise that, at eleven, he will drive herself and the little girls in the sleigh with that very black span which she used so to hate the sight of. After dinner he plays piquet with her, sometimes cribbage, oftener chess. She reads Maud to him, and he dozes through it, and thinks Tennyson no poet, if he were he would keep people awake. The days grow longer, yet the lights are often brought in before their chess is through. The fire-light glances on contented brows. What tune do the winds sing now? What is the language of the woods and the waterfalls? What is the movement of the cloud-shadows on the mountains? Into sunshine, always, and the sweet, clear air.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Ritchie came into the nursery one afternoon, where Belle sat with the children at the table, making figures on a large sheet of drawing-paper. Already it was half covered with grotesque queens and groups of roman-nosed children dancing with wooden-legged men. He glanced at the living group before him. A heartfelt smile spread over his face. Belle looked up as he entered.

"No laughing in school, remember—especially at the teacher! There! I flatter myself these are quite equal to Alston's studies in the Boston Gallery—I do believe they have more intelligent admirers. Say, Ally! what is this?"

"That is Alexander taming Bucephalus!" said Alice, pointing to a determined-looking individual with a sharp nose, who was standing fiercely at the side of a skeleton.

"And this is Richard Cœur de Lion in prison," said Belle, making up her fingers into a shape to represent that structure, with the end of her little finger looking sadly out of the window. The children screamed with pleasure.

"Upon my word, Belle! you have an original method of teaching! And I don't see why it should not be successful."

"To be sure it will be—that is, if I ever carry it out. My idea is to teach spelling by reading, and form a fine literary taste by familiarity with good authors—to punish by making them commit tasteless and pompous poetry, and reward merit by hearing their father read 'Lycidas' and 'Hail! holy light!' Then we shall vary our enjoyments by dramatic representations, charades, and such like."

"And impress historical facts by drawings, and such like," said Mr. Ritchie, laughing. "But can you not have an intermission awhile? I should say that would be in accordance with your free-and-easy system. You have letters down in the library."

"Oh, yes indeed! Now, little darlings, you are to play dollies, real dollies, I mean; till I come up, and when I come, we will cut out these pictures and paint them."

Down stairs went happy Belle, to her letters in the library. Mr. Ritchie sat on the sofa by her. For some reason he did not go out to his mills, though the servant had given that usually imperative notice, that "a man was waiting." Was it possible that the time had come when "a man" must wait, and only for a woman?

"This is from Marion," said Belle, breaking the seal. "Captain Hope has come home, and she begs us all, children and all, to go to her for a week. You will go, my love?" she turned to her husband, and looked saucily in his face. "Say yes! say you will go next week! It is done, and here is a kiss for your pain—for I don't believe you want to go."

Something in Mr. Ritchie's face made her look again at him. No; he did not look exactly pleased. She had learned to read his face like a book. She put her arm round his neck, and drew his head towards her. She kissed his forehead, his eyes, his lips.

"Tell me! dear love—what is it? You have some trouble; tell your own wife! Why do you look so very, very sad?"

"I don't feel sad now, Belle—only anxious. Read your letters, and by and by I will tell you what has troubled me somewhat, I confess. Do you see, there is a letter from—from your friend, Mr. Stirling, I fancy. It is a ship letter."

"But I cannot read while you have that troubled look, my husband. Surely, those were not merely words that told me I should henceforth be your very wife—part of your sorrow as well as joy?" She spoke eagerly, for she saw Mr. Ritchie's complexion change from red to pale, and back again. "I am sure you have some bad news!"

"Be quiet, little Belle!" said her husband. "I have no bad news, and I promise you to tell all that disturbs me—only you must let me choose my time. Now read on, you have only that letter to read."

Belle took the letter listlessly, opened it and read. Presently she looked up. Mr. Ritchie's eyes were fixed on her face with painful attention. He looked away.

"Read on, Belle! What does he say?"

"Oh—about Paris and Germany—and—and—oh! I don't know what!" She threw down the letter and turned again to her husband.

"My dear love! can I read those stupid travels now? Now—when my heart and thought is only full of you! Something distresses you—why do you look so?—now you don't!—now you look pleased and happy, as my own husband should! What is the matter?" She spoke eagerly and rapidly, astonished at his changeful expression.

Mr. Ritchie took from his pocket, with a hand which he vainly attempted to steady, the daily paper. Then opening it with the same nervous haste, he pointed to the top of the paper. Belle read aloud:

"Died, at Leghorn, Nov. 30th, of fever, Frederick Stirling, Esq., aged 28."

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, "the very week after his last letter is dated! He must—why! is there anything about his health in this letter?" And she ran her eye rapidly over the letter Mr. Ritchie had just given her. "To think!" said Belle, "that the hand that traced these lines was so soon cold!" she looked sorrowfully up at her husband.

If she had been coldly indifferent, Mr Ritchie might have suspected deceit—though that was not Belle's *forte*. But she showed exactly how she felt—calmly regretful of a pleasant acquaintance, and a little shocked. If other thoughts of Stirling had been once in her fancy, they had never reached her heart. Mr. Ritchie read her face as a book, and they were lines of light.

"Nothing now, Belle!" He gathered his wife fondly to his heart. "Nothing now! thank God!"

She read his face again. She read what must have been in his heart, written in a dark corner of pain in letters of fire. He had crushed it—smothered it—but it had burnt in. It was a pain he could not speak of. He was too proud to say, or to show that he had ever been, or ever could be jealous.

For a long time there was perfect silence between that pair, so long wedded in word, so lately in deed and truth. In Belle's mind, a distressful remembrance of all she had passed through, her wayward fancies, her dreamings of a better and more poetical life, her conscience-struck memories of duties neglected, her guessing now with keen pain all that her husband must have felt in her cold estrangement, her haughty indifference, her interest in another—oh! what, what could she say? No words adequate to express the depth of her self-abasement came to her. That, too, was a though between herself and God.

Meanwhile she rested against the faithful bosom that never had turned from her through all these years. She must say something—something to show him that she was all his own now, however she might have strayed.

She separated herself from him and took both his hands in hers. Then she said, solemnly:

"May God take my life away, my husband, when you cease to love me!"

"I shall not be likely to cease, Belle, if I could love you as long as I have done without hope. Jacob would have given up."

"Oh! my dear, blind husband! couldn't you see that, through all my waywardness and wickedness, I had only one thought? I must have loved you, in my evil and strange way, all the time! Believe it—and let me believe it, or I never shall forgive myself!"

She took her husband's hand as she spoke and led him up to their own room. Hastily unlocking the door of the "Secret Chamber," she flung it wide open.

"There is all the rival you have had! and that is not in my heart, only in my imagination!"

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Ritchie, standing astonished before the picture and the dimly-burning candles. "But why, why, Belle, did you keep it a secret from me? Surely you did not, you could not apprehend any opposition from me to any form of faith you really and earnestly embraced?"

"No, I did not think that; and if I had been in earnest, I dare say I should have told you, feeling that you had a right to know; but I don't think I was. It was a sort of playing at religion, after all. I intended to give so much, for so much. So many prayers, penances, fasts and genuflections, for so much forgiveness of sin. Then I somehow intended to sin on. But I thought if I could once admit the authority of the Church, all my doubts and fears would be swept away and swallowed up, and perhaps a miracle might help me to bear—for oh! my dear love! it was hard to bear!—" she stopped and choked down the sobs in her throat.

"Yes, it was, Belle! No wonder you looked for help; but now I must tell you that it is a relief to me to find it is no worse. Don't ask me to say how many horrors I have imagined contained in this little room. But the true thought never occurred to me."

Belle stepped forward and extinguished the candles.

"What say you to leaving the rest as it is?" said she.

"I like the idea," answered her husband, "it is now quite a little chapel, and I see no possible harm in the *prie-dieu* or the picture. If a rosary would help one to tell God his wants, I see no reason for depriving him of it, and," added he, taking up Thomas A'Kempis and the prayer book, "these are not books to harm any one. It is a very, very harmless Bluebeard's chamber, dear Belle! I wish I had no worse corner in my heart shut away from you!"

"I shall not ask you for the key, depend on it," said Belle, laughing, "and I'll do better than that; I won't try to guess what is in it—at least what has been in it, for I intend to be in every corner now myself, and I hope—I hope," said she, faltering with the new distrust of herself, and her desire for her husband's sympathy in her effort to work out her salvation in in a "more excellent way."

"You hope as I do, my wife, that our religious duties will not be strange subjects between us. Thank God, we can go hand in hand in the narrow path, where we hope He will lead us and help our infirmities!"

"I look forward now," said Belle, after a silence of half an hour—such silence as is eloquent to those who understand each other—"I look forward with a good deal of hope to being something—good for something in the world. Now that you are to guide me and lead me, and keep me right! Oh! I have such a comfortable sense of irresponsibility! Every day I shall make you my father confessor, you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Ritchie, looking as if he would like nothing so well.

"You must know, I felt more than ever that I was an unprofitable fig-tree, from going to Rushton and witnessing their lives there of busy interest in each other. I found that people were a great deal happier who lived out of themselves. That good Miss Tuttle—she humiliated me beyond measure. There she was, doing every day ten times as much as I ever had done in my life for anybody; and Marion scattering blessings every minute in the day; every bee busy in the hive. Then they had their town library, and their book club, and their society for useful knowledge. When I thought of Nelson's Falls, and all that I never had done, and thought I never could do, I was abased enough."

"And now you will be for establishing lyceums, book-clubs and societies of all sorts at once."

"Yes, as quickly as possible! We can't begin too quick, you know, to retrace wrong steps and settle upon something or other to improve these barbarians. But, good heavens! what can I do?"

"Perhaps it will relieve you, if I tell you they have a library already, and that I have had lectures once a week for them for three winters past. The workmen and their families are by no means deficient in intelligence. I think you would find any one of them well posted in politics. They have no book-club, and I am conceited enough to think I can choose better for them, at present, than they can for themselves."

Belle's beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"My husband! choose for me! guide me! till the foolish child grows into the understanding woman!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was a charming evening in May. Not charming out of doors, for there all was dull and muddy. The leaves struggling out on the trees, and shivering in the inhospitable air, and the season what everybody said every year, uncommonly backward. But in Mrs. Hope's parlor a "triumphant fire" blazed cheerily on happy faces. Two sofas, three easy chairs, a lounge and a "Boston rocking-chair" invited to comfort and conversation. In the farther corner of the room, and in the boudoir, adjoining the parlor, were Mrs. Hope's three children and Mrs. Ritchie's two, industriously comparing plays with each other, and telling long stories to entranced audiences. Grace was on the floor with Alice Ritchie, arranging a railroad carriage, and getting things ready for a "smash-up." They like best of all to have Grace play with them, because she can "think up" plays, and is never impatient. Cousin Frank openly protests he don't like children, and is occupying his week's vacation with making a book of puns and charades, entirely original, for Grace. He tells her of his "evenings at the Hills," and what a "splendid" girl Fanny Hill is, and what a "gorgeous" girl Effie Alcott is, and how "luxuriantly lovely" Nelly Foster is getting to be. In his own mind he decides, as he looks at the group on the floor, at Grace's laughing face, shaded with abundant curls, and at her white teeth, full of expression and frankness, that not one of the whole lot compares to Gracie. Grace thinks nothing about it, for her time is not come.

In one of the easy chairs sits Mr. Ritchie, talking with Captain Hope about Sacramento, and they are looking at a map of the country. Mrs. Ritchie and Marion are on the lounge, talking low and fast to each other.

"And so you decided to send for Miss Chandler to be with you, did you, Marion? How droll it seems for you to want a governess, just as I have got myself well in train with the duties!"

"It isn't exactly a governess that I want, you know. But as Lewis has settled that he is not to go to sea any more as long as he lives, if he can help it, (he says he wishes he could live where salt water was a dollar a quart,) I have concluded that he will necessarily take up a good deal of the leisure which I have heretofore been able to give to the children. Lewis, too, is a confirmed wanderer. The habit of a life will not be likely to be broken up now. So I have concluded to make a merit of necessity and wander off with him. He is already projecting a summer's excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony, and has settled long ago that we are to go over Europe next year."

"I should say, truly, it was time to think up somebody to come to you," said Belle.

"Yes, and how difficult it is to settle upon any one to be a constant companion! This Miss Chandler is fitted for a teacher particularly well; and then, you know, she loves me very much—and they say if you do people good, you learn to love them; so that, on the whole, Lewis and I thought nobody would fit in so nicely as Miss Chandler. She is delighted with the idea, and is to come on as soon as her term with Mrs. Lee is up."

"I should think she would hate the thought of Mrs. Lee after those letters," said Belle.

"You forget that she knows nothing about them. And we thought it not best to tell her. Not to tell anybody; you know it would be so painful to Mr. Dwight to have his sister's delinquency known. Only think! she is going to die, too! I should think she would be glad to."

"And the Dwights—where are they living now?"

"Didn't I tell you? They have gone back to California. You know Mr. Dwight came off with Lewis directly on hearing his story and reading my letter, without waiting to arrange his business; so that everything was left in some confusion; and he said he couldn't bear to leave Helen again, and she must go with him. They are coming back, though, as soon as he can settle his affairs. He says San Francisco is associated with so much misery, he shall be glad to bid farewell to it forever. They have been gone from here only about ten days. How I wish you had come sooner, so that you might have seen him!"

"Tell me how he looks," said Belle.

"Tall, thin and sallow; with blue, keen eyes, and his hair already turned gray. Helen says he is the shadow of his former self, and we really thought he grew fatter and quite rosy in the weeks of happiness he spent here. I dare say he will look like another man when he comes back, and his wife was such an altered being. She laughed, and sung, and flitted about him like a bird over its young—it really seemed as if she could not express her delight—more like the intoxicated warbling of the robin than anything I could think of. Oh, she seemed so happy!"

"Yes, it must have been a new life to her," said Belle.

"Like yours, dear love!" whispered Marion.

They both looked over at Mr. Ritchie. The two men had ceased to talk about California; they had got upon home-life and the delights of returning to firm ground.

"Yes," said Captain Hope, and his voice rung over the room; "yes, one little spot of earth is worth all the rest of sea and land together; and I suppose I may say," said he, looking over at the side of the room where the two women sat, "without any detriment to either of us four, that 'one love is worth a thousand friendships.'"

"Amen!" said Mr. Ritchie, solemnly.

"Amen!" said the two women, with eyes full of happy tears.

A STORY OF A NOSE.

A SCENE AT A MASQUERADE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON MANUEL BRETON DE LOS HERREROS.

"Will you allow me to join you, fair lady?"

"With pleasure, and thanks for your preference of me among all the beauty that sparkles here. Do you know me?"

"Until now, no; and it is possible that I might say the same, were you to remove your mask. But what of that? The intercourse of a masquerade is not the most unpleasant in the world."

"No; but it often ends in terrible disappointment."

"I cannot deny that I have experienced that; still—"

"And caused it also?"

"No. He can deceive little who habitually appears at all places, not excepting the great balls of the carnival, with uncovered face. In fact, you perceive there is no concealment about me; that cannot be said of all men. Thanks, lovely lady. You know me, then, do you not?"

"Yes, by sight. They say you are a poet; will you make me some verses?"

"Certainly, if you wish; for it is always my delight to please the fair; but first let me know your name."

"Give me any name you please; Phillis, Laura, Philena—any that is sweet and poetical. I should not tell you my true one, but the first that occurred to me, therefore you would better suit yourself."

"But unless I behold at least the face whose perfections I am to extol, unless I know the sweet source of my inspiration—"

"Was that a poet who spoke? You who live in the boundless regions of fancy, what need have you of the material presence of the objects of your adoration? For my part I do not think so highly of my face nor so meanly of your imagination as to unmask."

"It is true that the poets, among whom you are pleased to number me, are accustomed to let their spirits revel in the realms of imagination; yet we do not feed solely on illusions, and I freely confess that I prefer a positive pleasure to an imaginary one."

"And what pleasure do you promise yourself in beholding my face?"

"That of admiration; if it be as lovely as I guess—that of adoration."

"It is always that word—adoration! You poets deserve to be banished from every well-constituted and Christian State."

"Why, my fair one?"

"If you speak the truth, for your idolatry; if the contrary, for your blasphemy. You may well do without a mask. Poets do not need it in order to lie. They are always false enough."

"If so, for my own part, I accept with much pleasure a quality which assimilates me so nearly to the fair sex."

"So women are false, you think?"

"I do, my fair mask. And as to that I cannot say that you accuse men altogether unjustly. It must be acknowledged that the jealousy and tyranny of men cause your want of sincerity, and that your stratagems are more entitled to indulgence, because you contrive them from a desire to please us. But is it really true that I am not to see your face?"

"You are not, indeed. The desire to please you leads me to preserve my mask."

"Your conversation enchants me, and every word increases my impatience to know you."

"Perhaps you are impatient to see my face because you think it is full of perfections. But did you not at first call me the sweet source of your inspiration? Believe me, your interests and mine are opposed to granting the favor which you solicit. Whilst I remain concealed I shall be sure of hearing from your mouth such flattering words as perhaps I am not accustomed to. Should I take from my face its protecting veil, farewell illusions! Stiff courtesy and gloomy seriousness would take the place of praises and endearments, and the tender persistence which, whilst I do not yield, keeps me at least diverted and content."

"This modesty strikes me as the greatest proof of your charms."

"Yes, if I lack other things, I have at least the merit of modesty—I speak foolishly—of sincerity."

"Were it possible to confound you with the crowd of women, I might believe it. The carnival is nothing else than the reverse of the medal, the world; and doubtless the figures in the shadow which seem to invite deception feign less than those upon its face. It is so seldom that truth can be spoken with impunity."

"Yet you"—

"You are not ugly. I could swear to that. Frequent deceptions and disenchantments have taught me tact and skill in detecting maskers. You cannot foil me so easily. I have a good nose." [Sp. idiom for "I am good judge."]

On pronouncing the last words, I observed in my companion's face a movement of surprise and, as I thought, displeasure. Believing that the common phrase which I had thoughtlessly made use of had disgusted her refined ears, I hastened to make my excuses for not having expressed myself better. Upon which the lady laughed and, taking my hand, assured me, with the most consummate grace, that she willingly pardoned so trivial a slip of the tongue. I continued:

"There is only one reason why I should be very sorry to have you unmask."

"What is that?"

"Because then I could no longer talk to you so freely. Would it not grieve me to renounce this affectionate familiarity which the carnival balls permit? Now I speak to you as an intimate friend and visiter—a betrothed—a beloved one."

"Well, then, if I should be so indiscreet as to unmask, you would be as eager to forsake me, and would hardly stay for a cold and formal 'Your most obedient.'"

"How you mortify me. Do you then think me capable of such impoliteness? Suppose for a moment that you were ugly, horrible, could you lay aside with the mask which so tantalizes me the charms of your conversation, your bewitching voice, the affability which captivates me, and the grace which fills me with admiration? How could a woman with such gifts want attractions? If your face is plain, I can well bear it."

"You say so. But would you be more indulgent than the rest of mankind? Would you be less influenced by selfish considerations? For ugliness is considered by most men a woman's greatest crime."

"O, I am of another species, or else you slander the sex, lady. If you don't believe me, untie that mask which interferes with my happiness, and you shall see how, far from growing cool, my ardor will increase. Do not think my proposal presumptuous. For in what can that deformity consist with which you try to frighten me? Do I not discern the languid grace of your form? Do I not press in mine your lovely hand? Am I not already bewitched by your pretty little foot? Do not the glances of those enchanting eyes pierce my very heart? And have I not caught glimpses of your heavenly mouth?"

"Nevertheless, with all these beauties which you are pleased to extol, I assure you that I am frightfully ugly, and that you would be struck with horror should I unmask."

"No, no! It is impossible. Your form, your features"—

"Have you beheld them all?"

"I think so. The nose is the only one"—Here the lady interrupted me by a burst of laughter.

"You are merry. Is it then a flat one, or a long one?"

"How can I tell? No, you must guess again."

"No, it is not possible that an ugly nose should spoil the effect of so many charms. Moreover, I accept the consequences of the favor which I beg. With that mouth, those eyes, that incomparable form, let the nose be flat or long, I care not."

"Imprudent man!"

"Must I beseech you on my knees? Will you make me the sport of the ball-room?"

"Well, well, that will do. Since you desire it so much, you shall see my face. How weak we women are!"

"Shall I? Oh, happiness too great to be expressed! Envy me, ye mortals! Give me your lyre, O muses! At this moment I would be Pindar, Tyrtæus"—

"At this moment you are a fool."

"Pity my impatience—shorten my suspense; ah! there it is! Beauti——." I could not finish the word, such was my astonishment, disappointment, horror! What a nose! *what a nose!* WHAT A NOSE! I could never have believed that nature was capable of carrying to such an extent hyperbole and amplification. It was not a human nose. It was a beet root, a cutlass, an Egyptian pyramid.

Amid the confusion which this sudden change of scene caused me, my chief desire was to escape from the large-nosed lady without incurring the charge of rudeness. I made incredible exertions to utter some complimentary phrases. Impossible. It would have been the face of an idiot! Happily for me, her companion, who doubtless had learned resignation to her deformity and its consequences, laughed pleasantly, I know not whether at my discomfiture or her misfortune. This gave me confidence to quit her, under pretext of accosting a friend, and without daring to look at her again, I took my leave, saying gaily, "Your most obedient."

Shame lent wings to my feet; rage blinded me; I could not fly fast enough; I tumbled over furniture and people; and I would have gone straight home without waiting for my carriage or my cloak had I not been terribly hungry. I hastened to the refreshment room, seated myself at a table, looked through the bill of fare, and selected what could be brought most quickly. I tasted three or four different dishes, but anger spoiled their relish, and I was about to try a fifth, when, behold! whom should I see before me but the same lady, or, to speak more exactly, the same nose, which had so shocked me a few minutes before. My first impulse was to rise and fly, but the laughing lady petrified me by saying, in tones of aggravating sweetness:

"How? are you running away in order not to treat me with a supper?"

I was disconcerted—fool that I was. The nose smiled, and for my still greater disturbance, so did the gallant who had accompanied her, doubtless in order to protect her from my rage.

"Senora."

"I am not very hungry. I will take a Roman punch; nothing more."

Such impudence provoked me almost beyond endurance. I resolved to be revenged upon her.

"I should be most happy to comply with your request, Senora, but I fear lest your nose should usurp the functions of the mouth. If you had not unmasked, I do not know how—I may as well speak plainly. You cannot drink with that. Excuse me."

"How? What do you say? Well, then,"

and upon that she took hold of her nose and pulled it off!

Sinner that I am, it was false, it was made of pasteboard, and I now saw the real one, not less beautiful and perfect than the other features of her face. How shall I describe my shame, my despair, at the sight of this lovely creature, and the remembrance of the fickleness, rudeness and wickedness of my own conduct? I begged a thousand pardons, I deplored my error, I threw myself on the ground and kissed the dust beneath her feet; but the cruel fair one took the arm of her companion, flashed upon me a withering look of scorn, and departed, coolly saying, "Fare you well!"

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, August 31, 1864.

CURTIN AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Governor Curtin, of this State, in answer to a resolution of the State Senate, has sent in a Message, reciting the facts connected with the raising and officering of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery. When the regiment was first raised, Governor Curtin appointed Col. Gibson, of Maine, a Captain in the U.S. Artillery service, as its commander. Very soon thereafter the conduct of Colonel Gibson became so offensive to the other officers of the regiment, and seemingly so frequent and uncalled for, that a representation of the facts was made to the Governor, who asked the War Department to relieve him from the command. Two different letters sent to the Secretary of War elicited no reply, though a Court of Inquiry was held in relation to charges preferred against Colonel Gibson. The Governor then addressed the President, charging Colonel Gibson with violating the faith of the State by refusing to allow recruits to select the company in which they desired to serve; treating the Commonwealth with contempt, by returning the State flag, presented to the regiment; using unbecoming language to a commissioned officer; taking possession of an officer's commission, issued by the Governor, and court-martialing the officer for accepting it, and appointing all the commissioned officers of the proposed new regiment except the Lieutenants, Surgeons and Chaplain. For these reasons the Governor informed the President that he had dismissed Colonel Gibson from the command, and revoked his commission. He called upon the President to immediately give orders which shall be effective upon all his officers to obey the acts of Congress.

1st. By mustering out any Field, Staff or Company officers in the regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers, whose commissions shall have been revoked and superseded by the Governor of this State, and

2d. By mustering in (except in cases provided for by the act of Congress) any persons who shall have been commissioned as such officers in such regiments by the Governor of the State, whether as original appointments or to fill vacancies.

To this letter no reply was received. Governor Curtin, finding the regiment without Surgeons, ordered the Surgeon General of the State to send forward some to the regiment. The Surgeon General of the United States army sent word back that "the 2d Pennsylvania regiment is a *provisional* regiment, *organized by this (War Department) and the Governor of Pennsylvania cannot commission officers for it, and commissions by the Governor cannot be recognized.*" The Governor called the President's attention to this "assumption of power," but no reply was received. Another letter to the President brought out a request for the Governor to meet the President in Washington to confer about the matter. The Governor being otherwise engaged, sent Col. Jorden, who reported that the President was willing to remove Col. Gibson, but gave no satisfaction about the officering of the regiment, and the Governor presumes the War Department has not abandoned what he calls "its assumption of power" in this matter. The whole matter seems like a very singular proceeding, and Governor Curtin appears to have been treated very cavalierly, both by the War Department and the President. If half that is related of Gibson's conduct be true, keeping him in command of the regiment is not the way to render it efficient in the field. As to the question of authority over the regiment, the War Department no doubt acts from its own convictions of what is legal and proper.

THE REBEL IRON CLAD TENNESSEE

The rebels build iron-clads for good service, if they are unfortunate in fighting them. The Merrimac was a powerful vessel which rammed our wooden ships without mercy, and was destroyed by the rebels themselves. The Tennessee, which fought Farragut's whole fleet and surrendered without being the least injured, is pronounced the most formidable iron-clad afloat, and we fortunately have now her services to help reduce Fort Morgan. Her armor consists of two and a half inch iron in bars eight inches wide crossing each other, and bolted down with one and three quarter inch bolts, making five inches of solid iron. This again is backed by two feet of solid oak throughout the entire portion of the boat above the water line, and extending some feet even below that. From her casemates forward, including her pilot house, an additional inch of iron is given her, making six inches of plating, and an additional foot, making three feet of wooden backing at this part of the boat. The inclined sides are five inches of iron plating, with two feet of solid oak backing. Though fired upon at close quarters by our fleet, including the fifteen-inch guns in the Monitors, no part of this plating was pierced by our balls, and yet she was struck by nearly fifty shots. One shell from a fifteen-inch gun made a deep indentation in the plating and broke its wooden backing. If her rudder chains had been below deck instead of running upon it, she would probably have sunk the whole of our fleet, but these chains being severed by our shot, and her ports being deranged so that three of her guns could not be used, her crew became demoralized with the fall of her commander, and the vessel surrendered. She is armed with a formidable iron prow for ramming, but her greatest speed is only seven knots an hour.

PROPERLY REBUKED.

Gov. Bayley recently gave to the Bahama Legislature a congratulatory address on the great profits of the trade of blockade running. The Duke of Newcastle, the head of the Colonial bureau, gave him a severe rebuke, telling him in plain terms that his words laid him open to the charge of unfriendly conduct toward a neighboring power, and were impairing the position of the government which he served. The Governor had not the sense to take the rebuke as it was intended and to resign, but he undertook to argue the matter. This brought out a second and still more severe reply. The Duke says:

"1st. As your explanations now received have not removed my objection to that speech, I think it best to instruct you that whatever opinions you may individually entertain on the points to which you advert, what is expected of you is that you will not, without urgent occasion or without authority, express opinions affecting the relations of Her Majesty's Government with foreign governments and countries, and that you will abstain from adopting a tone and spirit, in alluding to invasions of the right of blockade, which even as construed and explained by yourself, is, in an officer occupying your position, unjustifiable, and cannot but be injurious to this country in its relations with the United States.

"2d. That the opinions officially expressed by you should have given rise to angry comments in the United States, which, even if they be unfair, are not on that account much less mischievous, is, I think, what ordinary forethought should have led you to antipate."

Bayley did not resign even with this rebuke, but as he is evidently unfit for his position, his conduct will most likely cause him to be withdrawn.

GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

The movement commenced by General Grant during last week, on the north side of the James river, was another feint to draw the rebels away from the real point of attack, the Weldon railroad. Though a feint, Grant no doubt intended to take advantage of any weakness he might discover in the rebel lines. While vigorously assailing their works on the James, Warren's corps, held in reserve, was suddenly thrown upon the Weldon railroad, and occupied it so firmly that all the attempts of the rebels to drive it off have proved failures. This object being accomplished, Hancock's corps was withdrawn from the north side of the James and is now ready to help to maintain the new position on the rebel right. This part of the line of Grant's army will doubtless be subjected to considerable pressure from the rebel columns, as they must recover possession of that railroad if they mean to hold Richmond. There will probably, therefore, be a great deal of fighting in that quarter, but every hour our troops hold that position the danger becomes less of driving them from it. The persistent efforts of Grant keep bringing him nearer and nearer to his object. When he gets possession of the Lynchburg railroad he has every avenue secured through which Lee can keep his army supplied. Like no other commander of the Army of the Potomac, Grant keeps continually on the alert, pushing his enemy at every point and searching for his weak places. This makes him feared and induces caution on the part of Lee, who is content to await attack, and makes none of those dashing and crushing assaults that he used to upon the Army of the Potomac.

Returning to the City.—The weather is beginning to depopulate the watering places, folks are returning from their sojourn in the country and making preparations for the resumption of business again. Our streets are already assuming a lively and bustling air, and in a few days there will be the same rush and fever of business which makes a summer absence from it so necessary to the health of the physical and mental powers.

COLONEL GIBSON.

Whatever may be thought of the general merits of the quarrel between the State Executive and the Government authorities at Washington, in regard to the appointment of officers, there can, we suppose, be but little question that the appointment of Colonel Gibson to the command of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery was a mistake, and one that had better have been corrected with the utmost possible celerity. Colonel Gibson was, it seems a *Maine* man, and certainly used language in the presence of his officers and men which showed him quite unfit to lead Pennsylvanians into the field. Instead of promoting the miserable sectional jealousies and animosities which have made this rebellion, an officer under the General Government should act so as to remove or allay them. If he really did say, "Pennsylvania soldiers will not fight; one Southern soldier is worth three of them; the rebel officers make a practice of ascertaining on what part of the battle-field Pennsylvania troops are stationed, and then attack their part of the line"—if he ever said this, he at least never ought to be in command of a Pennsylvania regiment. In that case he either slandered without knowing it, or wilfully. The Pennsylvania regiments have, it seems to us, distinguished themselves in such a way before the country that few beside Colonel Gibson will question their fighting qualities. So far as the charge itself is concerned it may therefore be dismissed with contempt. But that an officer in command of Pennsylvanians, and especially one from Maine, should make use of such language, shows him utterly unfit for his post. If he believed, it how could he lead such a regiment? If he said it, hoping to produce an effect, it could only be one of disgust on brave men. If the language was proved on him on the fifth of January, it is a pity that some action of the military authorities at Washington did not at once find for him some other position, when requested to do so by the State Executive.

It should be remembered that not only fighting but gentlemanly characteristics are required in military command, and to preserve the harmony requisite between the State and United States authorities it is exceedingly desirable that all proper requests of the one should be immediately attended to by the other. In the management of a large army mistakes and omissions will occur, and now certainly we are not in a position to be able to afford to have any jarring between the State and General Governments. Till the war is carried through successfully, and in order that this may be accomplished, every point must be waived that possibly can be, and all practical concessions made.

There is no doubt that there are a good many other and more real jealousies between officials underlying the whole of the matter, which finds ventilation in the case of the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, and into which we do not care here to enter. The general position in which matters are placed by the acts of Congress, is that the State authorities are to appoint the officers of each regiment. How far that gives them authority after the regiment comes under the control of the United States, or gives the absolute right of removing them at pleasure before others are appointed equally acceptable to the General Government, is a point which perhaps had better not be pressed too absolutely just now to a final decision. It might, for instance, be exceedingly embarrassing to the General Government if an officer stationed at some particular point of great trust could have his entire power to act suddenly taken away from him by any State Governor, with or without sufficient cause. Party favoritism, to say nothing of personal partialities or prejudices, or even interested motives still more direct, might thus cause removals and promotions most injurious to the public service and the national character and success. Still the principle cannot be questioned that Congress intended each State to commission its own officers, and that those justly open to the displeasure of that State therefore should not be continued in command of companies, much less of a regiment of that State.

But this is no time for settling nice questions of order or author y The enemy is being beaten before Petersburg, their lines of communication with Weldon are cut, and when this wretched rebellion is brought to an end we trust that all unpleasantness between officials, State and the United States, will be forgotten, and that in the mean time the General Government will pay a more reasonable and prompt attention to State requests.

THE TALK OF PEACE.

There must be something savoring of truth in the reported peace movements more than appears upon the surface. Evidently the minds of men are now directed to the consideration of a basis upon which an honorable and lasting peace may be made, and this fact is modifying and moulding public opinion so that there is less asperity of feeling, less intolerance of opinion, and more conciliation manifest than at any time since the beginning of the rebellion. This disposition appears to be penetrating into wider circles both North and South, and even among those who have hitherto entertained extreme notions, there is a manifest desire to reason upon the subject, or to admit the reasoning of others. The New York Tribune publishes a long and singularly moderate communication from a conservative Georgian, in which he advocates a system of gradual emancipation as one of the bases of peace and reunion, and the Tribune accompanies it with the following comments:

"We are assured that such emancipation would be widely acceptable to the people of the now insurgent States, who earnestly desire peace under conditions that will afford the fullest securities against the recurrence of such a conflict as now desolates our country. Earnestly desiring such a peace, we gladly accord publicity to whatever may seem calculated to hasten it, without insisting that it shall accord in all things with our own convictions. Peace—Union—Liberty—Rights for all, excluding invidious privileges for any—such is our programme of "reconstruction," which we shall rejoice to see realized piece-meal, if it cannot be all at once. Understanding and believing that our desire for peace on terms honorable and beneficent to all concerned are widely and heartily reciprocated at the South, we call attention to our Georgia correspondent's letter, which we regard as a suggestion from the right quarter, that it is high time that the exchange of shells and bullets between the North and the South were replaced by that of arguments and considerations contemplating their common good."

THE REBEL ARMY AT ATLANTA.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, in a review of Johnston's campaign in defence of Atlanta, approves of his continual retreats before Sherman. A retreat, it says, which cost Johnston only 10,000 troops and Sherman 50,000, as experienced rebel officers estimate and believe. This disparity of loss would ultimately leave Sherman at the mercy of Johnston. Johnston, it says, "had an army composed of the flower of our Southern and Western youth. It was our only—we will not say our last army. It contained the reliance of our present, and the hope of our future." Since Hood has taken command of that army, he has lost about 30,000 more men in his unsuccessful assaults upon Sherman. 40,000 men out of about 65,000 leave but a small number available, and that the last they can obtain. His prospect scarcely seems to justify the sanguine tone the rebels continually adopt, —most sanguine when most pressed and in extremity. According to their own accounts, Sherman has so secured the railroad communications that Hood will be compelled either to evacuate Atlanta or fight Sherman, the latter alternative the one most to be avoided. Great hopes are entertained of Wheeler's operations in Sherman's rear, but these hopes do not seem to be realized, and possibly there will be a failure, as it is founded upon the idea that they, by the capture of Stoneman, have broken up all the Union cavalry, which they had begun to fear and desired to avoid. Sherman so far has secured his communications admirably, and even anticipated more mischief from Wheeler that he has been able to accomplish. So skilful a general as Sherman justifies the opinion of the London Globe, which, in a late review of the military situation in Georgia, says if Atlanta is saved by Hood or Lee "the event will be one of the most surprising and remarkable in this war."

The Treasonable Plots in Indiana.—The evidence which comes from Indiana of an organization to subvert the Government, leaves but little room to doubt of the existence of a secret society, having that object in view. The capture of arms in Dodd's office, and of letters and correspondence in the office of Daniel W Voorhies, place the fact clearly before the public. Fifty-thousand Garibaldi rifles and thirty thousand Navy revolvers were the harmless tools which these persons intended to employ to restore peace. The cost of these arms would amount to over a million and a quarter of dollars, proving very conclusively that there was a good deal of money involved in the project. Senator Wall, of New Jersey, appears to have been the person for introducing the agent for the sale of arms to Mr. Voorhies, and E. W. Carr, of Philadelphia, formerly one of the proprietors of the Evening Journal, was the person who was negotiating to sell them. Carr put his rifles at $14 a piece, and assured Mr. Voorhies that they are "just the article wanted." The exposure of this plot, of course, is its destruction. The character of it may be inferred from the summary of the papers that General Carrington gives the public.

The Draft, it is said, will certainly be enforced by the President on the 5th proximo, and the Administration papers are backing up the President's intention strongly. They urge that a nation is not worth preserving whose citizens will not fight for the maintenance of its nationality. There is no doubt that our armies at Richmond and Atlanta, if reinforced to the extent of fifty thousand men each, would take both those places in less than two weeks. It is only procrastinating the expenses and miseries of the war to delay increasing these armies to the extent required, and when volunteering with heavy bounties now offered is slow, the draft will be the only alternative and will be inevitable.

MILITARY DUTY.

The duty of defending the Government in time of war is a personal duty. It is one of the obligations which each citizen incurs, in consideration of the benefits he derives from the Government. As the Government, however, does not require, at any one time, the military services of the whole people, and the people owing the service are divided into States, the requisitions are made on the several States for their respective quotas, according to population. When, therefore, the call is made, each State should furnish its proper quota from its own citizens. But this rule is not observed now. Certain States, or their authorities, are, in order to furnish their quota, sending recruiting agents into other States, and even into the South, to enlist men to answer the claim of the Government on them for the soldiers they should furnish from their own population. This practice is wrong, for several reasons. One is that the State which recruits its soldiers in another, not only exempts its own citizens from a duty that is incumbent on the people of all the States alike, but it reduces to that extent the ability of such State so drawn upon to fill its own quota. On this subject General Sherman, in a recent letter to a recruiting agent in his vicinity, pertinently said: "The duty of citizens to fight for their country is too sacred to be peddled off by buying up the refuse of other States." And as regards sending such agents to enlist men in the South, where the national armies are fighting the rebellion, the same intelligent officer, with like bluntness, says that, "Civilian agents about an army are a nuisance."

UNION PRISONERS IN GEORGIA.

A memorial from the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, has just been transmitted to President Lincoln, giving an account of their treatment in the rebel prison at that place, and their general condition. There are thirty-five thousand Union prisoners at Andersonville, confined in a field of about thirty acres. Upwards of thirty thousand are wholly without shelter, without shade, exposed to the sun all day and the dews all night, lying upon the earth without any other protection than the clothes on their backs. Upon entering prison every man is deprived of his money or other property. Hundreds are without pants and hundreds even without drawers to cover their nakedness. Each man receives three-quarters of a pound of bread or meat and one-eighth of a pound of meat per day. The meal is often unsifted and sour, and the meat such as in the North is consigned to the soapmaker. Such are the rations upon which Union soldiers are fed by the rebel authorities, and by which they are barely holding on to life. Shade of trees cost nothing in the South, if sheds and clothing and medicine do, and to keep men exposed in midsummer to the rays of a scorching sun, without any means of protection, is an act the Algerines would be ashamed of. The exposure and privations of these prisoners costs the lives of one hundred men per day, or more than the ravages of the yellow fever epidemic in the same amount of population. But all who die are so many taken from the Union armies, and those with broken down constitutions, from this treatment, will be exchanged just as well for hale and hearty rebel prisoners when the exchange is restored.

"Fuel at Cost."—Several organizations in the large cities are advertising to furnish "fuel at cost," or coal for three or four dollars less than the market price. The Miner's Journal speaks very doubtingly of the ability of any organization to fulfil this promise, and of one in particular, says it has not the coal at its command, and the mines have not been opened and no railroad facilities are possessed by it to bring it to market. Persons intending to contribute their money in hopes of getting their fuel cheaper, should be careful what they are doing. They should ask themselves the question why any association intended for money making purposes, should give their coal at cost, when by throwing it upon the general market they can get three or four dollars more per ton for it. Most individuals make all the money they can honestly, and there is nothing dishonest in getting the highest market price. Suspicions are naturally excited when at any time an article is offered at so much less. If persons are satisfied of the ability of the promisers to perform their engagement, then it is all right, but they should make sure of that before they allow their money to be handled by persons whom they know nothing about, or their responsibility.

The Danish-German Peace.—The war between Denmark and the German Powers has cost the former the Duchies and some islands claimed to be German. Denmark depended upon England to aid her, and England, after all her promises and getting the little kingdom to rush into war, deserted and left her to get out of the scrape the best way she could, which was by losing the territory for which she was contending which is about one third of her dominions. Though the quarrel is over the difficulty is not yet settled, for now that the German Powers have what they wanted they know not exactly what to do with it. It is said that a belief is entertained in the official circles of Berlin that the rights of the Duke of Augustenburg to Schleswig-Holstein will be shortly recognized. The current of public opinion in the Duchies is represented as unchanged, the population of Schleswig-Holstein rejecting all combinations contrary to the independence of the Duchies under the sovereignty of the Prince of Augustenburg.

Exempts.—The enrolment lists contain the names of persons who are by law exempt, and it is desirable that these rolls shall be corrected, so as to purge them of such names. All persons exempt should call at the office of the provost marshal of their district and see that their names are stricken off before drafting begins. They escape any farther trouble themselves and diminish the city quota by every name stricken from the rolls. The following persons are exempted by law:—All aliens, persons under twenty or over forty-five years of age, persons who have been employed two years in the military or naval service of the United States and been honorably discharged, persons in the military or naval service whenever a draft shall be made; also, all who are incapable from physical or mental disqualifications. Any person who knows a name is wrongfully upon the list can have it stricken off.

Commodore Buchanan, who was recently captured in the ram Tennessee, is the same officer who had charge of the Washington Navy Yard when President Lincoln was inaugurated. At that time he was loud in his professions of loyalty, and the President, out of compliment to him, attended the marriage of his daughter. When the secessionists tried to get Maryland out of the Union, Buchanan resigned his commission, intending to go with the State. When he found it did not go out, he asked to withdraw his resignation, and many influential persons tried to get the President to permit him to do so. The rejected applicant protested that if he could not fight under the flag of his country, he at least would never fight against it.

The Irish Emigration to America.—The Cork Examiner says the tide of Irish emigration to America has subsided, and the steamers run empty. So great has been the decrease of numbers that the emigration agents have reduced their charges considerably in the hope of resuscitating their trade. A plentiful harvest at home is said to be the cause of this stoppage. The British Commissioners of Emigration do not appear to know of this fact, for the same papers which contain this statement have a circular of instructions to emigrants about to depart for America, giving them advice as to their course after they reach here to avoid being cheated.

The Rebel Bonds command a much higher price in the English market than those of our Government. This is attributed to the facilities for blockade running, by which cargoes of cotton are continually received in that country from the rebel States keeping up the value of the rebel securities. There was by the last advices a whole fleet of steamers in the Clyde ready to run the blockade. Wilmington, North Carolina, is the port into which most of these steamers run, and the success which attends their operations is the best commentary on the vigilance and efficiency of the fleet commander on that station.

A Slow Chase.—The U. S. gunboat Dacotah, it is said, saw the pirate Tallahassee on Tuesday of last week, about eleven miles ahead of her, and chased her at the rate of six knots per hour, the rebel going twelve. The result of this chase was the consumption of two hundred tons of coal on board the Dacotah, the rebel far out of sight, and the Union gunboat back again to Boston for a fresh supply of coal. Sending old tubs to catch fast steamers is not the most economical and satisfactory way of doing business, and especially that in which success is so important.

The Russians have just launched two iron clads, one of which is covered with 5¼ inches of iron; and the other is a turreted vessel, with armor from 6 inches to 4¼. This armor is too light for the heavy guns now used on shipboard. Our Monitors' turrets are eleven inches, yet they are considerably damaged by rifled balls in every engagement. Six inches of iron can be penetrated by two hundred pound shot. The recent experiments in England render it doubtful if any amount of iron a vessel can float with cannot be penetrated by rifled shot.

Denied.—The story that Mr. Chase had invested $200,000 in English funds is denied. It came from the same foreign source which reports in Europe that the late raiding column carried back from Maryland provisions enough to feed Lee's army at Richmond six months, a large amount of material, and fifteen millions of dollars, taken from the treasury of Grant's army. We tell some very large stories, but the European journals can beat the American in that line, and succeed better in getting them swallowed.

WAR NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac—Despatches from Hancock and Meade.

ANOTHER SEVERE BATTLE—THE REBELS ATTACK GEN HANCOCK—AT ATTACK ON GEN. BUTLER—THE ENEMY REPULSED.

WASHINGTON, August 27, 1864,
10.20 o'clock, A. M.

Major General John A. Dix:—On Thursday, the 25th, Gen. Hancock, who was south of Ream's Station, was attacked several times during the day, but he repulsed the enemy at every assault. At half-past 5 P. M., a combined attack was made on his centre and left, which, after one of the most desperate battles of the war, resulted in the enemy withdrawing from the field, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. The details are given in the following brief official reports of Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade and Gen. Hancock, just received:

SECOND ARMY CORPS, Aug 26, 1864.—For General Humphreys: The attack about 5:30 P. M. was probably intended to be simultaneous, by Wilcox on my centre and Heth on my left. The enemy formed in the woods, placed their artillery in position, opened a heavy cannonade, lasting about fifteen minutes, and then assaulted Miles' force. He resisted tenaciously, but the enemy broke his line. Some of Gibbons' men were hurried over to repair the damage, and the enemy only gained a slight foothold. They soon attempted my extreme left, and drove Gibbons' division from his line. His men had been much wearied in rushing over to General Miles and back, during the repeated assaults. General Gibbons succeeded in forming a strong line, and the enemy, who were pressing on with great enthusiasm, were severely checked by the dismounted cavalry under Gen. Gregg, which he handled handsomely.

Miles regained most of his intrenchments, distinguishing himself. All he had to work with were such small parties as could be rallied and formed by his staff officers

The fighting was continued until dark, the enemy being held in check by artillery, dismounted cavalry and skirmishers.

At dark we withdrew for reasons stated.

The chief of artillery states that he lost about two hundred and fifty horses.

The enemy made no advance up to a late hour last night, holding as far as could be seen some of our captured guns with their skirmishing line.

They must have suffered severely.

My own loss, including cavalry, will perhaps not exceed twelve or fifteen hundred, though this is a surmise, as the command is not yet organized.

Captain Brownson, of my staff, was mortally wounded, dying during the night.

Col. Walker, A. A. G., is missing.

This is acknowledged to have been one of the most determined and desperate fights of the war, resembling Spottsylvania in its character, though the number engaged gives less importance to it. A few more good troops would have given a victory of considerable importance.

I forward this forenoon prisoners from the field from Wilcox and Heth's division.

Major Angel, of my staff, saw and conversed with two prisoners of Mahone's division last night. I do not find them this morning. They said that Mahone's division, with the exception of one brigade, was there.

[Signed] W. S. HANCOCK, Major-General.
U. S. Grant, Lieut. General.

The following is just received:

SECOND CORPS, 12.30 P. M.,
August 26th, 1864.

A safeguard that was left on the battle-field remained there until after daylight this morning. At that time the enemy had all disappeared, leaving their dead on the field unburied. This shows how severely they were punished, and doubtless hearing of the arrival of reinforcements, they feared the results today if they remained. [Signed]

G. G. MEADE, Major-General.

The following is just received:

SECOND ARMY CORPS 1 P. M., Aug. 26, '64.

To Lieut.-Gen. GRANT:—Since sending my last despatch. I have conversed with the safeguard referred to. He did not leave the field until after sun rise. At that time, nearly all the enemy had left, moving towards Petersburg. He says they abandoned not only their dead, but their wounded also. He conversed with an officer who said their losses were greater than ever before during the war.

The safeguard says he was over the field, and it was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. He has seen a great many battle fields, but never such a sight. Nearly all of the enemy, and all our wounded were brought off, but our dead were unburied. I have instructed General Gregg to send a party to the field and bury our dead.

GEORGE G. MEADE Major-General.
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

Our forces hold the Weldon Railroad, and in a despatch, dated 3 P. M. yesterday, General Grant says that their loss of this road seems to be a blow to the enemy he cannot stand. I think I do not overstate the loss of the enemy in the last two weeks at 10,000 killed and wounded. We have lost heavily, but ours has been mostly in captured when the enemy gained temporary advantages. The number of rebel prisoners on our side has not yet been reported.

General Grant makes the following report of an unsuccessful attack by the enemy on General Butler's picket line on Thursday:

"Yesterday (Thursday) morning, the enemy drove in Butler's picket line. The picket guard soon rallied, however, drove the enemy back and re established their line.

The result was one killed, sixteen wounded and fourteen missing on our side. Two commanding officers and fifty nine enlisted men were captured from the enemy. What their casualties were in killed and wounded we do not know.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The losses could not be ascertained, but they are believed to be considerable on both sides.

It is reported that we lost three batteries, among them Sleeper's celebrated Massachusetts Battery, the Captain of which was wounded early in the day, in the right arm, but who gallantly kept the field until the afternoon, when he became weak from the loss of blood. This battery lost severely in men, and upwards of fifty horses.

About three o'clock on Thursday morning the rebels in front of Butler made a sortie and captured twenty-five of our pickets and driving in others; but we immediately regained the ground and captured forty-five rebels, among them a lieutenant and private who had, in a spirit of bravado, got into one of our rifle pits which they said they were going to hold at all hazards. Our lines were soon re-established. The rebellious lieutenant captured boasts that they have plenty of troops in Richmond, and that they have a reserve there of thirty thousand men who have not yet been in the field.

The Vanderbilt left seventy-two rebel prisoners at Fortress Monroe.

We have later information of the fighting on Thursday, in which Hancock was engaged with the enemy, at Ream's Station, to the effect that about 4 o'clock Hancock was reinforced from the 5th corps, and the enemy, after making several desperate assaults upon our lines, was badly repulsed, and retreated, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. We also recaptured the guns taken by the enemy earlier on Thursday. The rebels lost terribly in the battle of Thursday, even more, it is estimated, than in their repulse on Sunday. Within two weeks they have lost not less than ten thousand men in the vicinity of Petersburg.

The Attack on Mobile.

FARRAGUT RECONNOITRES THE CHANNEL AND FINDS IT OBSTRUCTED.

CAIRO, Aug. 25.—New Orleans advices of the 18th have been received.

Admiral Farragut made a reconnoissance on the 14th to the obstructions near Mobile. He found the Nashville was sunk across the channel, making access to the city impossible until she is removed. The gunboat Morgan came down and cannonaded our vessels from a safe distance. There are still two iron-clad rams and several plated batteries near the city. Our batteries will be ready to open on Fort Morgan in a few days.

Admiral Farragut has issued a congratulatory order, returning thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the engagement on the 5th, and for the noble and implicit confidence reposed in their leader.

Two hundred rebel prisoners at Fort Gaines had petitioned to be allowed to take the oath of allegiance.

General Canby had authorized Col. Dwight, our commandant of exchange, to make just claims upon the Government to effect the immediate release of our prisoners. Some 3,500 are now in camp at Fort Texas.

The officers of the steamer Rob Roy, which is reported to have been captured and destroyed by guerrillas, have arrived at New Orleans. They report the steamer safe, but aground below Monroe, Wachita river.

There is a fair inquiry in the New Orleans cotton market at $1 46¼ for strictly ordinary, and $1 55a1 60 for low middling; flour declined; small lots of sugar offered at 23a24c.

Nine guerrillas and rebel spies were shot by the military authorities at Paducah yesterday

Fort Morgan in our Possession.

THE REBELS RETREATING BEFORE SHERIDAN.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28, 8 A. M.

To Major General Dix, New York:—

A despatch from General Grant just received states that the Richmond papers of yesterday (27th) announce that Fort Morgan is in our possession, but it is not stated whether it was blown up or surrendered. Another despatch gives the following extract from the Richmond Examiner of yesterday:

"Fort Morgan is in the enemy's possession, but whether blown up or surrendered is not known."

General Sheridan, in a despatch dated yesterday, at half past 2 P. M., reports, the enemy left my front last night, falling back to Smithfield or Middleburg. We captured 100 prisoners yesterday and inflicted a loss of 150 killed and wounded. There have been a few feints to cross the river by cavalry, at Williamsport, but there was no strength shown. The indications to-day are that they will fall back out of the Valley. Other reports state that the enemy is leaving the Shenandoah Valley.

Nothing has been received from Gen. Sherman for two days.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Major General Dodge Wounded and Reported Dead.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 24.—Matters at Atlanta are unchanged. The army is engaged in advancing parapets and strengthening works. On the 19th inst. Major General Dodge was seriously wounded. He was out on the picket line at the time, and though warned by the men, exposed himself, and was shot in the head. It was reported at Chattanooga yesterday that he had died of his wounds. General Lightburn, of Logan's corps, was wounded in the same way three or four days ago.

Release of Prisoners from Fort Lafayette

NEW YORK, Aug. 26—Joseph Howard, the proclamation forger, and John Mulaly, editor of the Metropolitan Record, were both discharged from custody to-day. Francis Mallen, the assistant of Howard in preparing the forged proclamation, is still in confinement.

From the Upper Potomac.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—A letter received here to-day from the Upper Potomac, says the rebels in considerable force were last seen at Cherry Run, 11 miles west of Hagerstown, on Friday.

The mail stage arrived at the latter place from Hancock, a distance of about twenty-four miles, on the night of that day.

The shelling of Williamsport by the enemy from the opposite side of the river on Friday did no injury to individuals, but three houses were somewhat damaged.

HEAD-QUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, Aug. 27, 9 A. M.—On Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Gen. Crook moved out Wells' brigade of Thoburn's division, from the left of our line, to reconnoitre the enemy's position and to ascertain if they had any force of importance stationed in his front. Our men advanced in line of battle, with a heavy skirmish line out in front, and soon engaged the enemy's skirmishers, who rapidly retreated on their reserves, stationed a short distance in the rear of their skirmish line.

Our men advanced boldly and rapidly until they came within 500 yards of the enemy's line, drawn up to receive them, who opened a heavy fire of musketry, which lasted nearly 20 minutes, when the enemy broke and ran under cover of a battery of artillery, which had in the meantime been brought up and stationed in front of the works in exactly the same position where they had a battery last Thursday when we made a similar reconnoissance.

After the enemy had broken and retreated, which they did in great disorder, some of them throwing down their arms to expedite their escape, Col. Lowell, with the 2d Massachusetts regiment, dashed in with cavalry, and charging across the open field, killed and wounded quite a number, and captured 69 prisoners, amongst them one Lieut.-colonel and five other officers of lower rank.

As soon as the enemy had retired under cover of his artillery and in close proximity to his earthworks, which extend across the Charleston road, their battery opened on our line with great fury, thundering away rapidly but with no effect whatever, as they fired at random and most of their shells fell short or exploded over the heads of our men.

Colonel Wells having obtained the information desired and having accomplished the object of the reconnoissance, quietly withdrew his command, taking off his killed and wounded, which will not exceed 100.

The 5th New York heavy artillery, at present serving as infantry, were conspicuous for gallantry, and if they had not been recalled, would have charged clear up to the enemy's earthworks. Among the wounded I regret to announce the name of Major Caspar Urban, a brave and distinguished officer. He was struck on the shoulder by a spent ball.

After our men had been recalled, the enemy continued to shell us with their battery, and were replied to by battery B of the 5th U. S. artillery, commanded by Capt. Dupont. This artillery duel lasted for half an hour, when the enemy's battery withdrew.

Some stacks of corn in the rear of the rebel skirmish line, and behind which they have been in the habit of secreting themselves, were set on fire by one of our shells and burned to the ground.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 28.—The Baltimore American has received the following special despatch, etc., etc.:

A reconnoissance now in progress on the left developed the fact that the enemy had withdrawn their forces in our immediate front, and had evacuated their earthworks.

It is rumored that they are now moving in the direction of Sheppardstown.

Information was received here yesterday evening that Averill had had a spirited fight at Williamsport with two regiments of rebel cavalry and some infantry, who attempted to cross at that place.

During the early part of the engagement, Averill sent to Custer for assistance, but afterwards sent him word that he had a sufficient force, and had driven back the enemy.

You may look for the immediate resumption of active operations in this department and unless I am very much mistaken, we will have the long looked for battle early in the coming week.

Tornado in the West.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 26—A storm raged here with the greatest fury this afternoon. Trees were uprooted, and the streets of the city flooded with water.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 26.—A heavy storm of wind and rain prevailed here all day. Startling peals of thunder and the most vivid lightning were its accompaniments. The steeple of the Rev. Dr. Danforth's church was injured and several other buildings damaged. A larger quantity of water fell than was ever known before to fall in a single day. The train from Nashville was delayed an hour and a half, coming part of the way with water up to the car axles.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 27.—A tremendous storm occurred here yesterday. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The effects of the storm were very severe. The Indianapolis and Cincinnati train, which left here yesterday afternoon, was blown off the track when within thirteen miles of Lawrenceburg, and the cars tumbled down an embankment twelve feet high. No details of the disaster have been received, but it is reported that from twenty to thirty persons were wounded. None are reported killed. The train contained a number of delegates for Chicago, but it is stated that none were injured.

The Rebels in the Shenandoah Valley.

NEW YORK, August 28.—A Hagerstown despatch to the Herald, dated the 26th, states that the enemy endeavored to cross the Potomac at Williamsport and other places, but were prevented by our forces.

A despatch from the cavalry head quarters, dated Saturday night, states that no rebels had crossed the river yet, and all was quiet at Sheppardstown, Williamsport and Hagerstown.

A Harper's Ferry despatch, dated yesterday, states that a careful reconnoissance that morning, disclosed the fact that the rebels had withdrawn from our front during the night. Our cavalry pushed over and occupied Charlestown without meeting the enemy. Opinions prevail that Grant's recent movements have necessitated Early's recall to Richmond.

Successful Expedition of General Kilpatrick.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—The Gazette has received a special despatch from Atlanta which says that General Kilpatrick has destroyed the Macon Railroad in two places, tearing up about fourteen miles of track. He also captured and burned a train of supplies belonging to the rebels, bound to Atlanta. On his return, he met the rebels in strong force and totally defeated them, capturing four stands of colors, six cannon and two hundred prisoners. Afterwards, he met another force of rebels, who pressed him so heavily that he was obliged to abandon all but two guns and most of the prisoners He made an entire circuit of Atlanta, and reached Decatur with 100 men. He inflicted severe damage on the rebel communications.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Donkey Show.—At the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, there is an immense donkey show, which has been largely attended by the nobility and gentry of England.

The dog star Sirius, known in ancient times by its reddish tint, spoken of by Horace as "*rubra canicula*," and by Seneca as having a more vivid color than Mars, "*acrior ruber*," is now without any perceptible color.

Hunter's Order of Banishment Rescinded.—The order issued by Gen'l Hunter, banishing rebel sympathizers at Frederick, Maryland, beyond the Union lines, has been rescinded by the President, and all proceedings under it s opped.

The Records of the General Land Office show that the demand for and settlement of public lands are greater than they have been during any previous season within the last three years. The receipts of money have, as a consequence, been very largely increased.

Dr. Brown, of Liberty, Maine, was found guilty, by the United States District Court, at Bangor, on Saturday, of the nefarious practice of applying poison to drafted men in such a way that they were exempted for diseases. His charge was $100 per man.

Released.—Mr. Francis Key, son of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," who was recently arrested in Baltimore on a charge of disloyalty, and confined in Fort McHenry, was released last Saturday, after he had subscribed the oath of allegiance.

Velocity of Nervous Force.—By means of the chronoscope (veterinarian) M. Hirsch has come to the conclusion that nerves transmit their impressions at the rate of 34 meters per second. This is in a man, while M. Heinholtz estimates that in the motor nerves of a frog it is at the velocity of 190 feet per second.

Geology of Great Britain.—In a report made to the British government by Murchison, the geologist, it appears that Great Britain yields yearly nearly eight million tons of iron ore; and the coal product amounts annually to about eighty-three and a half million tons, the estimated value ranging from eighteen to twenty-one millions sterling.

Wealth of the Country.—According to the census returns, the property belonging to the people of the United States amounted in 1850 to $6,174,780,000, and in 1860 to $14,222,618,068; showing an increase in ten years of $8,048,825,840, equal to 130 per cent. This is exclusive of slaves, which were valued at 961 millions of dollars in 1850, and at 1,936 millions in 1860.

A Good Idea.—At the State Alms house, Massachusetts, the manager of the farm beds his cows regularly with sand, which he considers superior to any other substance for that purpose. It is warm, easy to lie upon, prevents the cows from slipping when reaching for food, is an excellent absorbent of liquids, easily shoveled in and out, a superior divisor of droppings, and is an excellent substance to apply to cold lands. For these reasons he likes sand for bedding

Heard from his Substitute.—A wealthy gentleman in New Jersey, a few days since, enlisted as a substitute a stalwart and patriotic Canadian, paying him $800, and expending a considerable sum for an outfit. When they parted, the recruit promised, at the request of his principal, to write at the first opportunity. The gentleman was a little surprised at receiving a letter from his man dated Quebec, informing him that his money had enabled the substitute and his wife to set up a corner grocery, and they were doing well; and if his patron would give him a call, he should have a drink gratis.

Exodus of Carpenters.—A large number of carpenters and workers in wood have been induced to leave Pittsburg and Allegheny City and go to Nashville, to work for the Government. They are offered from $60 to $75 a month and board, and have the expense of transportation paid to Nashville and back when discharged. They are also given the privilege of forming into squads and choosing their own foremen. More than a hundred have already gone, and scores of others are preparing to go. Hence some shops have been almost deserted by the journeymen. Quite a number of carpenters, car builders and other wood workers have left the shops of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, and many master carpenters find themselves in a sad strait for hands with whom to complete their contracts.

CITY MATTERS.

EXECUTION AT FORT MIFFLIN.

On Friday last, at 12 o'clock, William H. Howe, of Company A. 116th Regiment, P. V., was hung, at Fort Mifflin, for the crime of murder. The circumstances surrounding the case were peculiar. Howe, a citizen of Perkiomen, Montgomery county, enlisted in Company A, 116th Regiment, in August, 1862, and was with the regiment at the battle of Fredericksburg, where his bravery attracted the attention of his company and regimental officers. He was at the time suffering from inflammation of the bowels, and after the battle he entered the hospital at Falmouth. This building was destroyed by fire while Howe was an inmate, and he, with about thirty companions, went to Washington, where some of them reported to the Medical Department, while Howe and one other started for home.

For two months he was confined to his bed. Unfortunately, after his recovery, he did not return to his regiment, and on the night of the 21st of June, 1863, Abraham Bartolett, the enrolling officer of the district, with a posse, started to arrest Howe. It was midnight when they reached the house, and Howe, instead of obeying the summons to surrender, discharged the contents of a double barrel gun from his window, killing Mr. Bartolett instantly. Bartolett was endeavoring to force open the door, and the contents of the gun took effect in his left side. His companions ran away, but the neighbors, hearing the noise, came to the spot and carried the body away.

Two weeks afterwards Howe was arrested, and on February last the trial by court martial took place in this city. During the trial Howe, who appeared to be an inoffensive Pennsylvania German, insisted he intended returning to his regiment, and that when he was aroused at midnight by Mr. Bartolett he, with his wife, believed that an attempt was being made to rob his house, and he therefore fired, but without design to kill, and as he could see no person he did not take aim when he discharged the gun. He was convicted of murder, and the execution was fixed for the 24th of June last, but a respite was granted until the proceedings of the trial could be reviewed at Washington. The result of the review was an order fixing the execution for the 26th of August (Friday). The prisoner was confined in Fort Mifflin, but having attempted to escape, he was removed to the Eastern Penitentiary, where he remained until last Friday morning. Rev. Mr. Ruth, the Chaplain at the Penitentiary, and Rev. G. F. Krotel, were in almost constant attendance upon the prisoner, who appeared perfectly resigned to his fate. On Thursday afternoon the wife of the prisoner took her leave of him, and the interview is represented as being very affecting. At six o'clock on Friday morning Howe was taken in an ambulance from the Penitentiary to the Fort, reaching there about 8 o'clock. He was confined in the guard-house, and immediately in front of his window, and within ten feet of it, was the gallows, in full view of the prisoner. The tug-boat Don Juan, at eight o'clock, took down a battalion of the 186th Regiment, Colonel Frink, together with Rev. [illegible] Mr. Krotel, who had been requested by [illegible] the prisoner to be present. Mr. Edmund Randall, Howe's counsel, was also on board. The boat reached the fort shortly after ten o'clock, and when the soldiers marched in, Howe was pacing up and down his room, and seemed to pay little heed to the soldiers or the preparations making for his execution. On Thursday he stated to his counsel that he would rather die than live, as he had come to the conclusion that the country was going to destruction; that civil war would rage for years, and he would be better off if away from the strife. At no time of Friday did he give any evidence of fear. Mr. Krotel remained with him from ten o'clock until the execution took place, and he represents that the prisoner was perfectly resigned to die

The details of the execution were confided to Lieut. Colonel Whiting, in command of the Fort, and at fifteen minutes of 12 o'clock, the Adjutant's call was beat and the troops put under arms. The soldiers formed in a square around the scaffold. Howe was then brought out into the centre. He was dressed in citizen's clothes. His hands were ironed. These were removed, and in company with Rev Mr. Krotel, he walked up the steps and on to the platform. He was not assisted, and appeared to need none. At this time the scene was a solemn one. The soldiers around the scaffold stood silent and motionless, while on the ramparts of the fort nearest to the gallows, the workmen gathered in little knots, and watched the proceedings. Within ten feet of the scaffold, a party of deserters and bounty jumpers, confined in one of the casemates, had full view of the execution. It is to be hoped that it will not be lost upon them. When Howe reached the platform he drew from his pocket a piece of paper, and in a clear, full voice, slightly affected by the German accent, he read the following, which he had previously dictated to his counsel and directed to be reduced to writing:

"Fellow Soldiers and Officers, I am now about to go before my God, to answer for the crime of taking the life of a fellow creature. I bow with submission to my sentence, and freely forgive those who passed it. All who were witnesses against me did their duty as well as they could, and I take this opportunity to thank from my very heart the members of the Court Martial who tried me, and especially Captain Clark, the Judge Advocate, and Mr. Edmund Randall, my lawyer, for their kindness to me. As I have nothing to leave to my dear children but my record and my good name as a soldier, I feel it a duty I owe to them to state now that I never sought the life of the man I killed, and never wished it; and I feel that God will pardon me for taking it as I did; and I know my fellow soldiers and officers in the army never blamed me for leaving, as I was an invalid, and had no hospital to go to in my regiment. Now I am about to leave this life, I commend my wife and children to the charity of the world and as a last request I ask the pardon of those I have injured, and hope they will forgive me, and pray for my soul."

At the close of this speech, the prisoner knelt, while Rev. Mr. Krotel delivered a most impressive prayer. This concluded, a sergeant of the guard came up on the stand and replaced the irons upon the wrists of the condemned, who, during the whole of the trying scene, was calm and unmoved The rope was arranged around his neck; the white cap was adjusted over his face; a few minutes delay to enable those on the scaffold to descend, and the drop fell at seven minutes past 12 o'clock. He fell about four feet, and a few nervous twitchings of the legs and arms ensued, and all was quiet. Twenty minutes afterwards the body was cut down and placed in a coffin, and handed over to an undertaker, who will embalm it and send it to the wife.

Howe was twenty-four years of age. He leaves a wife and three children.

SCHEME TO DEFRAUD BRAZIL.

Last Thursday, in the Quarter Sessions, a somewhat interesting case was tried, involving a charge in which the Brazilian government is deeply concerned, as the offence charged was connected with the printing of forged notes of the national treasury of the empire. The bill of indictment charged:

"That Jose Goston, alias Augustine Lebarte, late of the said county, yeoman, and Charles A. Van de Linden, late of the said county, yeoman, and William Boell, late of the said county, yeoman, being persons of evil minds and dispositions, together with divers other evil-disposed persons whose names are to this inquest as yet unknown, wickedly devising and intending to acquire and get into their hands and possessions the moneys, goods and properties of the citizens of this Commonwealth by fraudulent and dishonest means, on the 25th day of February, 1864, &c, fraudulently, maliciously and unlawfully did conspire, combine, confederate and agree together, between and amongst themselves, by divers unlawful, wrongful and indirect means, to unlawfully forge, make and counterfeit, utter and publish false, forged and counterfeited notes, purporting to be notes of the National Treasury of the Empire of Brazil, purporting to be issued by the government of the said Empire of Brazil, with an intent to cheat and defraud the citizens of this Commonwealth of their moneys, goods and properties, and with intent that said false, forged and fraudulent notes should be altered and published as and for good, genuine and true notes issued by the said Empire of Brazil."

The indictment then sets forth that the parties caused to be made paper containing the water mark of the genuine notes of the National Treasury of the Empire of Brazil; that they did make or procure stones from which to print the notes Of the parties mentioned in the bill of indictment Jose Goston was the only one on trial. Early in January last, Goston called upon Messrs. Wilcox & Co., paper makers in this city, and desired them to make a quantity of paper of the style and texture of the sample he produced. Goston represented that he was an agent of the government of Brazil to procure this paper. As his address and appearance were good, the firm suspected nothing wrong. The paper was made with the water mark of the notes for 5 and 200 reis, (each reis is worth fifty cents in our currency,) and was sent to New York, to the address of Goston, at the house of Van de Linden, in the Bowery. In the mean time Mr. A. G. Goodall, the agent of the American Bank Note Company, received information that paper of this description was being manufactured, and knowing the custom of foreign governments when orders of this kind were sent to the United States, he concluded that a fraud was designed. Detective officers were set to work, and with the assistance of Messrs. Wilcox & Co. the parties concerned were arrested. A detective found at the express office a box directed to Goston, and heard that individual give directions to send it to a house in the Bowery.

The detective acted as expressman, and when he took the box into the house Van de Linden claimed to have the right to receive it, and did receive it, whereupon the detective arrested him. Goston was next arrested. His luggage was searched, and proofs of notes, the original tracings for the water mark, from which the moulds were made, and sheets of the paper with the impression of the notes were found. Goston, who is thought to be the agent of parties, whose head-quarters are at Pernambuco, at once confessed that he was concerned, and to the Consul General of Brazil begged for pardon. He stated that he was acting for others, and was to receive $4000 for his part in the scheme. He gave an order for the lithographic stones from which the notes were printed. These stones were secured in Philadelphia, at the establishment of Mr. Boell. The paper recovered represented 6700 notes of 5 reis each and 2600 notes of 200 reis each, or about $40,000. These facts were proven, and Judge Ludlow left to the jury the questions of fact, whether the accused did conspire with others to do the act charged, and whether the intent was to cheat and defraud, &c. The questions of law were reserved. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty. Sentence was deferred.

JAMES HOLLINGSWORTH

Was tried in the Sessions, on last Thursday, on the charge of highway robbery. It was testified to that the defendant and another, a fugitive from justice, went with the sailor to a garden near Harrowgate, and that they decoyed him some distance from the place, then knocked him down and robbed him of a watch and fifty dollars. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty.

WARD NOMINATIONS.

The National Union Party made the following nominations last Friday evening:

First Ward.—Select Council—Thomas Barlow; Common—Geo. Mactague; Alderman—Jesse Bonsall.

Second Ward.—Common Council, George Schaffer, David Griffith; Aldermen, Jos. Tittermary, C. B. Pottinger.

Third Ward.—Common Council—Chas. Sandgran; Constables—Morrison and Henry.

Fourth Ward.—No nominations.

Fifth Ward.—Aldermen—Thomas Moore and Wm. Henzey. Constables—Jacob Burns and Wm. Paul.

Sixth Ward.—Common Council—M. R. Harris. Alderman—Christopher Brazer and Chas. Welding.

Seventh Ward.—Common Council—Thomas Little. Alderman—George Patchell. Constables—Joseph Mirkel, John Donnell, Thomas Henderson.

Eighth Ward.—Aldermen, John Swift, Williams Ogle. Council nomination postponed until Tuesday.

Ninth Ward.—Common Council, William S. Stokeley.

Tenth Ward.—Select Council, Joshua Spering; Common Council, E. V. Machette; Constables, John Hollick, George Taylor.

Twelfth Ward.—Select Council, Charles M. Wagner; Common Council, M. H. Staunton; Constables, William H. Myers. Wm. Britton.

Thirteenth Ward.—Common Council A. M. Fox.

Fourteenth Ward.—Select Council, Fred. A. Van Cleve; Common Council, Joseph B. Hancock, Andrew J. Boswell.

Fifteenth Ward.—Select Council, H. W. Gray; Common Council, Eli Knapp, Wm. Matthews.

Sixteenth Ward.—Select Council, John Gillingham; Common. Thos. Farren; Alderman, A. H. Shoemaker. Fred. Eel

Eighteenth Ward.—Common Council, Wm. Bumm; Alderman, John Clouds.

Nineteenth Ward.—Select Council, James Ritchie; Common Council, Geo. Derbyshire and Jos. Earnest.

Twentieth Ward—Common Council, Jos. F. Marcer; Alderman, Ed. Fitch; Constable, Chas P. Coward.

Twenty-first Ward—Select Council. Charles T. Jones; Common Council, Wm. A. Simpson; Alderman, O. T. Ramsdell.

Twenty-third Ward—Select Council, Edwd. Shallcross; Common Council, S. C. Williams.

Twenty-fourth Ward.—Common Council—J. R. McCarthy. Alderman—John Maull.

Twenty-sixth Ward.—Select Council—Wm. Pollock. Common Council—Wm Armstrong. Alderman—Chas. Mink.

In the Eleventh, Seventeenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-fifth Wards no nominations were made.

CHARGES OF SWINDLING.

Charles Monier, the individual noticed as having procured carpeting on a worthless check, from the store of Mr. Lester, in Second street, had a hearing at the Central Station on Thursday on other charges of a similar character. Britton Ely, employed in the carriage factory of J. G. Leffler, at Sixth and Girard avenue, testified that the defendant called at the establishment, about four years ago, and, representing himself to be a physician, selected a carriage for his own use, as he said, and ordered it to be sent to his residence, at Seventh and Arch streets. Before the carriage was delivered he called again and left one to be repaired, giving directions how to have it done. Upon the delivery of the new carriage he gave a check on the Commercial Bank, which proved to be worthless. At this time he had taken part of a house, and was furnishing it. He soon after disappeared, and it was found that a number of persons had been swindled. The second-hand carriage which he left to have repaired he had hired. A clerk in the dry goods store of George W. Evans, No. 905 Arch street, testified that in May last the defendant came to the store and purchased goods to the value of $47 70, for which a worthless check was given on the Western Bank. In both cases Monier was fully identified, and was committed to answer. The accused is tall, and wears large whiskers and moustaches. He denied the purchase of the wagon.

FIRE.

On Friday morning, 26th inst., after the employees of Jesse T Vogdes, sash and door manufacturer, on Market street, west of Thirty-fifth, West Philadelphia, had commenced work, a fire broke out in front of the furnace, which spread so rapidly that the building, a frame structure, was soon enveloped in flames, and was totally destroyed, together with a quantity of worked lumber, and finished doors and sash, besides the fixtures and tools. The engine and boiler house, a small brick building, was partially destroyed. From the factory the flames extended to the house of the West Philadelphia Steam Engine Company, a double frame building, partly used as a dwelling, which, with stable and bunk room in the rear, were almost totally destroyed. The Company saved most of their effects Two families occupied the dwelling part of the house, that of Wm. Eccles and Robert Yeomans. Both of them suffered from the damage to their goods. One or two adjoining houses were slightly damaged. The loss of Mr. Vogdes is estimated at $4000, upon which he has an insurance of $1200; the loss of the Engine Company is estimated at $1000, no part of which is covered by insurance. The flakes from the above described fire fell upon the roof of a house, on the Darby road, near Thirty third street, the roof of which was partially burned off.

HEAVY ROBBERY.

Daniel Dickle, a resident of Lebanon county, in this State, and a contractor for the Government, reached this city, on Tuesday, with eighteen hundred dollars in his possession, and put up for the night at the Pennsylvania Farmers' Inn, on Market st. A wallet containing the money, was put for safety under the pillow, but in the morning when he awoke the money was gone. An occupant of an adjoining bed was gone also, he having left the house at four o'clock in the morning. Yesterday, the bartender of the hotel was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and on a hearing before Alderman Welding, Mr. Dickle testified that before going to bed he asked the bar-tender to give him a single room, but being unable to get that, he then asked as a favor that no one should be put with him but some one he, the bar tender, knew to be a safe man, that when the lodger was brought to the room by the bar-tender, he told Dickle he knew the man, and said that he was safe. On the following morning, when Mr. Dickle mentioned the robbery to the bar-tender, he said that he did not know the other lodger. It was also testified to that Mr Dickle searched the bed for the money, but could not find anything there, and that the chambermaid afterwards found the empty wallet under the bolster. The bar-tender was held to bail.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Some three years ago, a man residing in the Nineteenth Ward entered a Philadelphia regiment, and left for the seat of war. After his departure he communicated frequently with his wife. In about six months his letters ceased, and he was reported dead. His company officers also reported the fact of his death to the War Department, and in due course of time his wife drew his arrearages and pay. Time rolled around, and the widow received the addresses of another man. About six months ago the two were married, and have been living happily together since. This week their happiness was considerably marred, and the wife found herself in a very embarassing situation. One day, her former husband walked into his former home a strong, healthy man. The woman has now two loving husbands, and how the matter is to be settled we have not heard.

THE NEW IRONSIDES

All the stores having been put on the New Ironsides, she has been hauled out into the stream, and she will sail in a few days. Her destination is believed to be Charleston. Her officers are: Commodore, Wm. Radford; Lieut. Commander, Robert L Phythian; Surgeon, Edward Shippen; Assistant do., George A. Bright; Paymaster, George Plunkett; Lieutenants H. J. Blake, H. B. Rumsey; Lieutenant U. S. M. C, A B Young; Acting Master, H. P. Conner; Acting Ensigns, John W. King, Walter Pierson; Chief Engineer, Alexander Greer; Assistants, Wm. J. Reid, N P. Town, W. S. Cherry, J. H. Hunt, J K Stevenson, A. H. Henderson; Gunner, William Cope.

SWINDLING.

A woman has been arrested in Washington city upon the charge of swindling Mrs. Elizabeth Kirstein out of $260, and will be brought to this city to-day. The accused was indebted to Mrs. Kirstein for $260, and left as security a box alleged to contain $1700 worth of jewelry. Upon opening the box it was found to be filled with salt and sand. Other parties in the city are supposed to have been swindled in the same manner, and such parties should call at the detectives' office.

THE PRESS CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

At the meeting of the Press Club of Philadelphia, last Wednesday, the following officers were elected: President, Thomas M. Coleman; Vice Presidents, John R. Young and Chas. O. Wilson; Recording Secretary, Wm. H. Fisher, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, D. Brainerd Williamson; Treasurer, E. W. C. Greene; Directors, John F. Graff, A. W. Frick, James Nolen, E. O. Wallace, Wm. F. Corbit, Julius Hein, E. H. Thorp, H. A. Wetherill, Geo. O. Bower, Jr.

DEATH OF MR SAMUEL SHAFER.

Mr. Shafer, well known as Chief Clerk in the City Treasurer's Office, died suddenly on Tuesday morning. He was attending to his business on Monday, as usual. But few men connected with the City Treasury Department were so thoroughly informed as to the duties of the office. The present City Treasurer reposed the most implicit confidence in his ability and integrity, and by no one will he be more lamented.

LIEUT. FRED E. CROSSMAN,

Of the 17th U S. Infantry, was killed on the 19th inst. in the fight on the Weldon Railroad. The deceased was the son of Col. Crossman of this city. He was well known in Philadelphia and his death will grieve many warm friends.

CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY.

Patrick Mulligan, a boy 13 years of age, was accidentally caught in the carding machine at a woollen mill on Cobb's creek, in the Twenty-fourth Ward, yesterday afternoon, and had his left arm torn off at the elbow. He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital and the arm was amputated.

NATIONAL UNION CITY CONVENTION

Which met on Thursday for the nomination of candidates for what is known as the "Row" offices, had succeeded on Saturday in the selection of but one candidate—E. A. MERRICK, for Clerk of Orphans' Court, by a vote of the Convention of 120 to 110 for George W. Shaffer.

Grass-Cutting machines and horse-rakes have come into very general use this season. The use of these improved implements has had an effect in lessening the number of division fences, and many farmers have found out that there is no real profit in feeding down their mowing fields.

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE NEW IRONSIDES.—There is nothing now to delay the departure of the New Ironsides, and as she had steam up yesterday, she will probably leave to-day. All her stores are on board, and she has a full complement of men.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, August 31, 1864.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE ANGEL SISTER," by G. W. S., we have filed for publication.

"THE MARVELLOUS TALE OF COONEY HOLLOW" does not contain enough of incident for the amount of matter.

THE WELDON RAILROAD.

The determined efforts made by Gen. Lee to recover possession of the Weldon Railroad proves how necessary that line of communication is to his operations in Richmond. The assault on Thursday was a formidable one, but the effort failed, with heavy loss to the rebels, the second time within a week in which they have been terribly cut up. These losses must drain the rebel army as severely as those of Grant did at Spottsylvania. As the positions are now reversed, and the rebels are attacking entrenchments, their losses must be considerably the heaviest. The Richmond Examiner admits that on Sunday last their losses were large. On Thursday they were still greater. No less than four heavy assaults have been made upon the position on the Weldon Road, but every one of them has failed to drive our troops away. This fact shows that they have not the strength to effect their purpose—and as every advance which is held is so much nearer Grant's purpose, the prospect looks favorable for the final success of his campaign. The Danville Railroad still remains unbroken, but efforts will be made to secure this also. To guard from any approach towards Lynchburg by the Shenandoah Valley, Early is fortifying at Strasburg, with the view of holding it against any advance of Sheridan and by a smaller force than is now required to hold it. There will be found other means, however, of reaching that vital point. The Weldon road is said to be more important to the South than the Danville Road. The former is the old and direct line, with connecting roads at all important points. The latter reaches the South by a long detour, part of which is the link between Danville and Greensboro', a link [illegible] completed (if completed at all) [illegible] within a short time, and, without doubt, poorly-constructed. At Clarksville, Va., on the Roanoke, a railroad terminates, leaving a gap of some twenty miles between it and the Danville Road. Had this gap been closed, there would be communication with Raleigh and other Southern towns by a circuitous route. The Weldon Road drops due South from Richmond to Wilmington, N. C., the great rebel port of entry, a point as vital to the rebel capitol as New York is to Washington. So long as we hold the Weldon Road, the Richmond authorities can only communicate with Wilmington by the medium of the half dozen lines that make up the route away round by Greensboro'.

CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN.

Gen. Grant telegraphs to the Secretary of War that Richmond papers of the 27th announce that Fort Morgan, the only remaining rebel fort at the mouth of Mobile harbor, is now in possession of Union troops. The Richmond paper does not know whether it was blown up or evacuated. This absence of specific intelligence is owing, no doubt, to the fact that the fort is cut off from communication with Mobile by its being entirely invested by land and water. Gen. Granger had his batteries planted within a few hundred yards of the fort on the 16th inst., and Admiral Farragut was ready for immediate co operation in a bombardment. A few days under the fire that would be concentrated upon it was deemed sufficient time to reduce the garrison to a surrender. It is probable that not only the fort is possessed, but the garrison captured and all its guns and stores. The garrison had no opportunity for evacuating and blowing it up, so closely invested as the fort was, and they certainly did not sacrifice themselves by blowing it up with the garrison in it. We think that when Farragut's account comes to hand, that the fort will be found a clean capture and an unconditional surrender. It could scarcely escape such a fate except by being blown up by Farragut's and Granger's guns.

CHEATING THE GOVERNMENT.

The sentence of the court martial in the case of Surgeon-General Hammond, for cheating and defrauding the Government, which was that he be dismissed the service and be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit, impressed a great many with the idea that this was the end of the case, and that the party guilty of these frauds, though disgraced, was henceforth to enjoy unmolested the fruits of them. This is, however, a mistake—the court martial determined the fact of the crime having been committed, and now the Government intends to prosecute for a recovery of the amount of frauds perpetrated. A despatch from Washington in the New York Tribune says the Solicitor of the War Department has been instructed to cause prosecution to be commenced against Dr. William A. Hammond, late Surgeon-Gen'l U. S. A., Messrs. Wyeth & Brother, of Philadelphia, and William A. Stephens, of N. York. Dr. Hammond, in a card, calls himself the "victim of conspiracy, false swearing and malignant abuse of official power." It is unfortunate that he did not establish these assertions before the military court. The investigation lasted four months, therefore, sufficient time was allowed to prove the facts. It was, as the President says, one of the "most patient and thorough that has ever occurred in our military history, and the accused had throughout the assistance of eminent and able counsel in conducting his defence." The features of this transaction present it as a crime of more than ordinary turpitude. Shoddyites have cheated the Government in shoes, in clothes and in food, but to defraud the Government in its medical supplies, thereby compromising the lives of the sick and wounded soldiers in all our hospitals, is a degree of callousness, selfishness and cruelty, which should be looked for anywhere but in the quarter which had the interests and health of these soldiers committed to its charge.

MULLER,

Who murdered Mr. Briggs in the English railway carriage, no doubt deliberately counted all the chances of detection, and arranged for himself a plan of operations by which he should escape safely. One little accident defeated this otherwise successfully concocted plan. He got the hat of the murdered man instead of his own, and that one link led to the discovery of others by which he was traced on board the ship Victoria. On board this vessel the guilty murderer no doubt felt secure, and congratulated himself on the success of his plans. There was one thing, however, he had not calculated. He had not taken into account the rapidity of steam communication, and when the detectives had traced him to the ship which carried him to America, his arrest was as much a matter of certainty as if they had him already secured. A steamer brought the officers and their authority for his arrest, and when the ship, some days after, arrived, Muller was astonished to find that the knowledge of his crime had preceded him to America and he was in the hands of the authorities. It is said that no man commits a murder unless he is partially deranged. Certainly no man deliberately plans such a diabolical crime without carefully contriving for his own escape, and he always believes that he has arranged it just to effect that object. Some little link in the chain of circumstances by which he is to accomplish this drops out, and this one omission becomes the clue by which the guilt is diligently and unmistakably traced home to him. Nor is it singular that crime is so rarely successful in escaping its own consequences. A thousand eyes are watching it, and a thousand brains are plotting its discomfiture, while only a single pair of eyes and one heated brain are employed in effecting its escape. The contest is an unequal one, and society revenges itself for its own insecurity against murder by vindictively pursuing it to the gallows.

NAVAL RECRUITS.—Notwithstanding the arrangement that each man applying at the naval rendezvous as a recruit shall take his place in the line and be admitted in his turn, the bounty brokers seek every means to evade and defeat the regulation for their own profit and the injury of the recruit. The only way to correct this matter and have our city receive its due, is for some of the citizens to attend at the naval station and see that the recruits are not tampered with or influenced against their will. A committee of three active persons, daily in attendance, could effectually check the bounty brokers' operations. The rendezvous is open but six hours in the day, and two hours attendance of each one of the committee would not be a very severe tax upon the time of any man, and would have a person in attendance all the time the office is open. The committee could be changed every day if the task was otherwise too great. It needs something of this kind to secure to the city the advantage of having her own recruits credited to her quota. Active agents for other places who are continually upon the ground with abundance of money, are taking the largest part of the naval recruits, and Philadelphia of course suffers though the advantage to the recruits of having the city bounty paid to their families or friends during their absence more than counterbalances any immediate pecuniary advantage the bounty brokers promise them.

A NEW COMET.—Mr. Hind, of England, has discovered a new comet, whose orbit is remarkable for its near coincidence with the plane of the earth's path. This comet in the middle of August will be nine hundred times brighter than in the middle of last July, when it was by no means a faint telescopic object. It is not one that has been previously computed.

SAVE YOUR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Paper-stock dealers pay eight cents a pound for old newspapers in good condition; the material can be made over into white printing paper, and the greater the supply the less will be the increase in the price of the new sheet. Wilkes' Spirit of this week says on this point:

"In Europe a hotel or housekeeper never thinks of destroying a newspaper, or of using it for kindling purposes. All over the continent and in England cheap little bundles of sticks, two or three for a penny, with the ends dipped in rosin, supply all the purposes in the way of kindling which could be performed by five times the value of white printing paper: while the other uses for paper are met by an inferior brown material, which inflicts no waste upon the printing stock. By this means the major part of the original stock is preserved for reproduction, and the price of the article constantly kept down. By the same thrifty system of saving old newspapers and handing them over to the dealers, who will be glad to call at private houses for them, nearly the whole market stock will be preserved, turned into the mill, and reproduced with the loss, certainty of, not more than ten or fifteen per cent. Under the present wasteful habits of the public, nearly the whole current edition is now utterly destroyed, while the demand constantly exists against the source."

BRITISH CONCEIT.—The London Times professes to believe that the keeping of a few British regiments in Canada is a provocation of war. It says, "to surround and capture a British regiment would be an exploit of which an American commander might reasonably boast; to inflict humiliation on the British arms might be a triumph which an American Government would be unwilling to forego." National self-conceit could scarcely show itself more ridiculously. Gen. Grant has captured more troops, of as tried courage and more determined resolution, than probably the whole British army could muster of its own native born subjects. It is no new thing for an American commander to capture a British regiment. Washington, at Yorktown, and Gates, at Saratoga, captured scores of them, and did not boast of the exploit. If the British Government has no other reason for removing its troops from Canada, it can leave them protected from surprise by its seventy thousand residents of Montreal without any detriment to the peaceful relations of the two countries.

THE PEACH BUSINESS.—The crop of peaches this year is so large and good that the peach growers are realizing large profits even with very moderate prices. Delaware takes the precedence, but New Jersey is trying to recover her former superiority in this trade. A remarkable degree of success, the Journal of Commerce says, has attended the effort to bring the "pine bottom" of New Jersey under culture—lands which seemed to be mere wastes of sand, scarcely worth the taxes. An enterprising citizen, Mr. Ben. Reed, conceived the idea of planting these abandoned lands with peach trees. He accordingly bought several large tracts for five cents an acre, or some such trifle, set out the young trees, and this year has the satisfaction of sending to market at least 70,000 baskets. As the producer is now receiving on an average about $1 per basket, it is quite safe to estimate his gross net profits at $50,000.

HARD AT WORK AT THEIR RAILROADS.—The rebels at Richmond are as busy restoring their railroads as our troops are in destroying them. With them it is a question of life or death, and hence they work with an industry that is amazing. The railroad from Richmond north has been restored again and in use for military purposes. The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad has been repaired as far as Little Otter river. The last gap was being filled and the cars were expected to run in a few days after the 16th. The only way to make sure of these roads is to do as Warren has done with the Weldon road, tear it up and then occupy the track permanently with fortifications. The roads restored can easily be destroyed again, but when Grant holds them all by troops thrown across them, the game is up, and Richmond must fall, just as Atlanta appears to be on the point of doing from the same cause.

PEACE COMMISSIONERS REPORTED IN RICHMOND.—The Richmond Dispatch of the 18th has a paragraph alluding to the report "that a commission from the States of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana is now in Richmond, in consultation with the government, on the subject of a free navigation of the Mississippi, in case of the formation of a Northwestern Confederacy." Who are these Commissioners, and how did they get through our lines? A favorite notion of the sympathizers with rebellion, is a Northwestern Confederacy, which is to join the Southern Confederacy, and the two are to sail on happily together forever after, in a state of blessed political fraternity. From the way the Northwest has contributed to the army for the defence of the Union, we should infer that there was considerable work to do before the Northwestern Confederacy was ready for such a coalition.

NOVEL MEANS FOR PRESERVING FRUIT.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald gives the following description of a building now constructing in that city:—

"The building is eighty feet by forty-four and a half, the side walls being twenty-two feet high. The front of the building, occupying about one-fourth of the whole size, is to be used as a store or ordinary ware-house, and will be constructed in the usual manner. The remainder of the building is to be walled entirely with iron, perfectly tight, and divided from the front part by similar walls. Within this enclosure is built another building also, of iron, with the walls about three feet distant from the walls of the outer building.

"The inner building is divided by iron walls into several smaller rooms, each of them being perfectly gas proof. The ground beneath the building was first packed with wet earth, the beams laid in coal tar, and the surface of the earth will be covered with coal tar. The space between the ground and the flooring will then be packed tight with sawdust as will be the space between the outer and inner walls, and the hollow space in the iron lined doors. Overhead will be packed tightly with ice, which will be congealed by a peculiar process, into a solid mass of hard ice, seven feet thick.

"When all is completed, the small rooms will be filled with fresh fruits, such as apples, grapes, &c., the oxygen of the atmosphere withdrawn by chemical process and the room hermetically sealed. The vivifying elements being withdrawn, and the temperature kept down by the peculiar process to about 36 deg., the fruit remains perfectly fresh, until the season for fresh fruit having passed away, a high market is open for them, when the chambers are opened as wanted, and the fruit taken out as fresh as when gathered."

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Tax Payer's Guide. By Thompson Westcott. Philadelphia: A. Winch.

This is an analytical and comprehensive digest of the Internal Revenue and Excise Tax Laws of the United States, being a concise compilation of the revised acts of Congress now in force, passed June 30 and July 4, 1864, the whole arranged alphabetically for easy use and reference. In these days of universal tax, such information, and so arranged, will meet and supply a very general want.

Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have in press, and will publish in all of next month, a volume of poems by Miss Sallie Bridges, of this city, and for a long time a favorite contributor of the "Dollar Newspaper." We have not had the pleasure of a perusal of the proof-sheets of this new work, but we have no doubt, from our acquaintance with the productions of this authoress, that a work will be given to the public worthy of her reputation and the poetic literature of the country.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The *Walnut Street Theatre* opened the new season of 1864–'5 on Saturday evening, the 20th of August, with the romantic spectacle of the "Naiad Queen" to an unusually large audience. Among the new faces on the boards of the Walnut we notice that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henri, Mr. J. A. Herne, Mr. Gitz, and others. Few of the old favorites hold over from last year. On Monday evening next, the regular dramatic season commences, until which time the spectacle will be played nightly.

The *Arch Street Theatre* will open for the new season on Saturday evening of this week. During the summer vacation the theatre has been effectively retouched, and will open with all the brilliancy of last season. A new drop curtain has been painted by Russell Smith, and much new scenery has been prepared by Mr. Hawthorne. Mrs. Drew continues the lessee of the house. Her new company is unusually large, and in addition to the old favorites of the former season, the list contains the names of several who have won fame in other cities. Stuart Robson returns, and the reinforcements include Mrs. Thayer, Miss Annie Graham, and Miss C. Jefferson, of the Walnut. The house will open with that sterling old comedy, "The School for Scandal." The engagements announced for the season will present to the public Mr. Adams, Vestvall, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and Mr. Clarke.

At the new *Chesnut Street Theatre*, the attractive spectacle, "Aladdin" continues to attract full houses, and is really a showy and attractive performance. The last new feature of this beautiful spectacle is a fountain of water of variegated colors, which has a most beautiful effect and must be seen to be appreciated.

Carncross and Dixey, at the *Eleventh Street Opera House*, every night crowd their beautiful temple of music and fun.

The *Christy Minstrels* will perform at *Concert Hall* all this week.

☞ There were 350 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 165 were adults and 185 children. There were 24 from consumption of the lungs; 3 from disease of the heart; 14 from convulsions; 20 from debility; 39 from cholera infantum; 18 from typhoid fever; 3 from scarlet fever; 5 from congestion of the brain; 5 from inflammation of the lungs; 4 from inflammation of brain; 10 from gunshot wounds; 26 from marasmus; 4 from old age, and 9 from inanition. Deaths and interments of soldiers, 58.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

The Chicago Convention.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29—11 A. M.—The Wigwam is densely crowded, although the Convention will not be called to order for an hour yet.

The section of the amphitheatre set apart for ladies and gentlemen is filled to overflowing.

An immense throng of people not favored with tickets are gathered on the outside of the wigwam, on the shore of the lake, listening to the music of Gillmore's splendid brass band from Boston.

A portion of the auditorium without seats, where the people were densely packed, has just given way, and a number were precipitated to the ground, a distance of ten or twelve feet, but nobody was seriously injured. Good humor prevailed over the accident.

Governor Seymour, Messrs. Vallandingham, Richardson, and other prominent men, were received with music and cheers as they entered the building.

At noon, the National Democratic Convention was called to order by August Belmont, Chairman of the National Committee, who said:

Gentlemen of the Convention:—We are assembled here to-day as the National Democratic Convention, under the call of the Democratic National Committee, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States.

This task, at all times a most difficult and arduous one, has by the sad events of our civil war, assumed an importance and responsibility of the most fearful nature. Never since the formation of our Government has there been an assemblage the proceedings of which were fraught with more momentous and vital results than those which must flow from your action here. Towards you, gentlemen, are directed at this moment the anxious fears and doubts not only of millions of American citizens, but also of every lover of civil liberty throughout the world. In your hands rests, under the rulings of an All-Wise Providence, the future of this Republic. Four years of rule by a sectional, fanatical and corrupt party, warns us of the disastrous consequences which would befal us if Mr. Lincoln's re-election should be made possible by our want of patriotism and unity. The inevitable results of such a calamity must be the utter disintegration of our whole political and social system, amid bloodshed and anarchy, with the great problems of liberal progress and self government jeopardized for generations to come. The American people have at last awakened to the conviction that a change of policy and administration can alone stay our downward course, and they will rush to the support of your candidate and platform, provided you will offer to their suffrages a tried patriot, who has proved his devotion to the Union and Constitution: that you pledge him and ourselves to maintain their hallowed importance by every effort and sacrifice in our power. Let us at the very outset of our proceedings bear in mind that the dissensions of the last National Democratic Convention were one of the principal causes which gave the reins of the government into the hands of our opponents, and let us beware not to fall again into the same fatal error. We must bring to the altar of our country the sacrifice of our prejudice, opinions and convictions, however dear and long cherished they may be from the moment they threaten the harmony and unity of action so indispensable to our success. We are here, not as War Democrats, nor as Peace Democrats, but as citizens of this great Republic, which we will strive and labor to the last to bring back to its former greatness and prosperity, without one single star taken from the brilliant constellation that once encircled its youthful brow. Let pure and disinterested patriotism, tempered by moderation and forbearance, preside over our deliberations, and, under the blessings of Almighty God, the sacred cause of the Union, the Constitution and the Laws must prevail over fanaticism and treason.

Mr. Belmont was enthusiastically applauded during the delivery of his address.

The Hon. Wm. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, was chosen temporary Chairman of the Convention, and upon taken the chair made a brief address, expressing confidence in the wise deliberations of the Convention, and in the success of its nominee.

At the conclusion of his remarks, he introduced the Rev. Dr. Clarkson, of Chicago, who offered up a prayer for the speedy return of peace and for the permanent happiness of the country.

SPEECH OF EX GOVERNOR BIGLER.

Gentlemen of the Convention:—I am greatly honored in your selection of me to preside over the preliminary deliberations of this body. My acknowledgments for the high compliment and for the kind greeting just extended to me by this vast concourse of my fellow citizens will be best manifested by the proper discharge of the duties of the position to which you have called me. It is not expected, nor would it be fitting, in one assuming a mere temporary Presidency of this Convention, that he should enter upon any general discussion of the many topics suggested by the unhappy condition of our country. A brief allusion to the occasion and purposes of our assemblage is all that will be necessary. No secular body ever assembled in America with weightier objects before them, or to which such a vast proportion of the American people looked with such profound solicitude for measures to promote the welfare of the country and advance their individual happiness. The termination of Democratic rule in this country was the end of peaceful relations between the States and the people.

The elevation of a sectional party to authority at Washington, the culmination of a long indulged, acrimonious war of crimination and recrimination between extreme men at the North and South, were promptly followed by dissolution and civil war, and in the progress of that war, even the outworks of civil liberty have been imperilled, and the whole fabric brought to the very verge of destruction, and now, at the end of more than three years of war unparalleled in modern times for its magnitude and for barbarous desolation, after more than two millions of men have been called into the field on our side alone, after the land has been literally drenched in fraternal blood, and wailings and lamentations are heard in every corner of our common country, the hopes of the Union and of our cherished object are in no wise improved. The men now in authority, through a feud which they long maintained with violent and unwise men at the South, because of a blind fanaticism about an institution in some States, and in relation to which they had no duties to perform and no responsibilities to fear, are utterly incapable of adopting the proper means to rescue our country, our whole country, from its present lamentable condition.

Then, gentlemen, it is apparent that the first indispensable step to the accomplishment of this great work is the overthrow by the ballot of the present Administration and the inauguration of another in its stead which will wisely and zealously, but temperately and justly, wield all the influence and power of the Government to bring about a speedy settlement of our internal troubles on the principles of the Constitution and on terms honorable and just to all sections, north, south, east and west, one which will stand unfalteringly by the civil and religious liberty, one which, instead of relying solely on its peculiar dogmas and doctrines and the ravages of the sword, will refer the National troubles to the people, the fountain of political authority, and to the States under the forms of the Constitution, one which will have no conditions precedent to the restoration of the Union, but will diligently seek that result as a return of permanent peace amongst the people.

Gentlemen:—You have been commissioned by the people to come here and initiate steps to accomplish these great objects—to select an agent and agencies in this good work. That that step will be well performed I have an unfaltering faith, and that the people may sanction and God bless those means to the desired end is my sincere prayer.

E. O. Perrin, G. M. Towers and Moses Strong, of Wisconsin, were appointed temporary Secretaries of the Convention.

The list of delegates was called by States and as each chairman presented the credentials of his delegation, he was welcomed with loud applause.

Mr. Tilden, of New York, moved that one delegate be appointed from each delegation to report resolutions for the consideration of the Convention, and that all resolutions be referred to the Committee without debate. Carried.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, moved that the Committee on Organization be instructed to report rules for the Government of the Convention, and in the mean time that the rules of the last Convention be adopted. Carried.

Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, stated that the contesting delegates from that State had agreed and were harmonious in this Convention. He moved that the members from each delegation be appointed on the Committee on Resolutions, they to have one vote. Carried.

Mr. McDougal, of California, moved that there be admitted to the Convention, not to exceed three gentlemen, known to be members of the Democratic party, from each of the several Territories, said delegates to be permitted to participate in debate without a vote.

Gen. Morgan, of Ohio, moved to amend by extending the privileges of the resolution to delegates from the Southern States and the District of Columbia.

Mr. McDougal accepted the amendment.

Mr. Tilden opposed the resolution, as it was manifest that no gentleman can be thus designated by the chairman who does not come here accredited to us, and they may or may not represent a constituency. It might be otherwise in regard to Territories. There may be gentlemen from them accredited as we are, but under all the circumstances the adoption of such a resolution would, in his judgment, be productive only of confusion and disorder. [Cheers.]

On motion, the resolution was referred to the Committee on Credentials.

A communication, signed J. L. Riddle, Chairman of the Louisiana delegation, was received, setting forth that his colleagues were properly accredited as delegates from Louisiana, notwithstanding which the Hall Committee refused them tickets of admission. Referred.

Gov. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, handed up two letters, which were read, one from John W. Leathers and the other from J. R. Buchanan, both delegates from Kentucky, in which they explain their absence by saying that they are victims of military despotism, arrested without cause, imprisoned and denied a resort to legal measures guaranteed by the laws of the State and the Constitution, to establish their innocence. They profess increased devotion to the Democratic cause, advise the adoption of a peace platform, and are hopeful of the success of the nominees of the Convention. The letters were laid on the table.

On motion, each delegation, through its chairman, named its selection of members of the respective committees.

Mr. Olds, Ohio, moved that the Committee on Resolutions be instructed to report what action, if any, is necessary for the Convention to take in regard to the late order of General Heintzelman, prohibiting the people of the Northwest from purchasing arms and ammunition. Referred.

The following resolutions were offered by Gov. Hunt, of New York and referred to the Committee on Resolutions:

Resolved, That in the future as in the past we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union and the Constitution, and insist on maintaining our National unity, as the only solid foundation of our strength, security and happiness as a people, and as the frame work of government conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States both northern and southern and with the view to terminate the pending conflict and restore the blessings of peace, we are in favor of an armistice and earnest and honorable efforts to adjust the terms of settlement and Union on the basis of the Constitution of the United States, and for a final solution of all difficulties we would recommend a convention of the States to review the Constitution and adopt such amendments and modifications as seem necessary to more fully insure to each State the enjoyment of all its rights and constitutional control of its domestic concerns, according to the original intent and purposes of the Federal compact.

Mr. Long, of Ohio, offered the following:

Resolved, That a committee, to be composed of one member from each State represented in this Convention, to be selected by the respective delegations thereof, be appointed for the purpose of proceeding forthwith to the city of Washington on behalf of this Convention and people, to ask Mr. Lincoln to suspend the operation of the pending draft for 500,000 men until the people shall have an opportunity through the ballot-box, in a full election, uninfluenced in any manner by military orders or military interference, of deciding the question now fairly presented to them of peace or war at the approaching election in November, and that said committee be and are hereby instructed to urge upon Mr Lincoln by whatever argument they can employ, to stay the flood of fraternal blood, at least so far as the impending draft will continue to augment it, until the people, the source of all power, shall have the opportunity of expressing their will for or against the further prosecution of the war, in the choice of candidates for the Presidency.

The following was offered by Mr. Price, of Missouri:

Resolved, That in this great crisis of our National history the freedom and purity of the elective franchise, that sacred right of freedom secured to us by the blood of our fathers and guarantees of the Constitution, must be maintained against all assaults, intimidation or interference, and we hereby pledge each and all of us to our common country, our lives, fortunes and sacred honors, to make common cause with the people of any and every State, when the same shall be assailed or trampled upon to the end, that the Constitutional expressions of the popular will and the inestimable right of self-government may be secured for ourselves and posterity.

Mr. Alricks, of Pennsylvania, offered the following:

Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Democratic party of the United States of America, in National Convention assembled, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the high offices of President and Vice President, to be voted for at the coming election, point with pride and satisfaction to the past history of our country and its marvellous prosperity under Democratic administration therefore in order to preserve the integrity of our once happy Union, re-establish justice and domestic tranquillity throughout our borders, promote the general welfare and secure the return of the blessings of liberty vouchsafed to us by our forefathers, we here renew and declare our unalterable attachment to the Union, and that it must be preserved in its integrity. Believing that these desirable objects can be obtained if we profit by the wisdom of our forefathers, we are in favor of adopting as our broad and sure platform the Constitution of the United States in its length and breadth; and we pledge our candidates to maintain, preserve, protect and defend the same.

Resolved, That we cannot view with indifference the open repudiation and violation of the Monroe doctrine, the establishment of an empire on the ruins of a neighboring republic, and that we view with greater alarm and distrust the fearful strides of the general Administration towards despotism, their repeated interference with State rights, with liberty of speech and of the press and of the right of private property, and therefore we call upon all pure and incorruptible patriots to lay aside their partisan prejudices, to lock our bleeding country's troubles in the face and calmly to consider the fearful waste of blood and treasure, through the unwise acts and misguided policy of the present National Administration, and to assist in changing our rulers, that we may rescue our beloved country and the liberties of the people from certain ruin.

Resolved, That we will use all honorable means common to civilized nations to bring to a speedy termination the unhappy difficulty that disturbs our country.

The Convention then adjourned till ten o clock on Tuesday morning.

The Operations Below Mobile.

FULL CONFIRMATION OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN—GEN. GRANT'S OFFICIAL DESPATCH—MOVEMENTS IN SHENANDOAH VALLEY—OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29, 1 P. M.—Major Gen. Dix: The capture of Fort Morgan is fully confirmed by despatches from Generals Grant and Sherman, who derive their information from Richmond and Mobile papers.

It appears from Gen. Grant's despatch to the President, just received, that Fort Morgan has surrendered.

CITY POINT, Aug. 29.—A Lincoln President of the United States: Since my despatch of this morning, I have received the Richmond Sentinel of the 27th.

It contains the following despatch from Mobile:

"The report of the surrender of Fort Morgan [illegible] nation of so unfortunate occurrence. The press of Mobile is hopeful and confident of their ability to hold the city.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen."

The latest intelligence from the Shenandoah Valley represents that a large part of the rebel force there has been withdrawn towards Richmond. The latest reports from Gen. Sherman represent that thus far his recent movement to occupy the rebel lines of supply has been successful. [Signed] E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

From the Army of the Potomac.

RESPECTIVE LOSSES IN THURSDAY'S BATTLE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—A letter received from the Army of the Potomac, dated August 28th, says that all was quiet excepting the usual picket firing in front of the 9th Corps. The firing on our right on Thursday was occasioned by a movement of our troops from one position to another, which the enemy did not understand, and were perhaps fearful that it meant another attack on the right at Ream's Station on the Weldon Railroad.

Our total loss in the fight of Thursday will not, it is said, exceed 2,600, while that of the enemy is supposed to be about 5,000. We still hold about four miles of the Weldon Railroad, and the portion abandoned by the 2d Corps was effectually destroyed.

Deserters who came in yesterday say that Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps, two divisions of Longstreet's Corps, and the Jeff. Davis Legion, were the rebel troops engaged on Thursday. They also state that since the Weldon Railroad fell into our possession pork has advanced to six and beef to eight dollars a pound in Richmond, and their officers declare that the road must be re-captured at all hazards.

The War in Virginia.

A GREAT BATTLE EXPECTED IN THE VALLEY.

WASHINTON, Aug 29.—Information received here from Halltown, as late as yesterday, states that the advance has been sounded, and another battle in the Valley is expected and predicted.

Guerrilla Attacks on Mississippi Steamers.

CAIRO, Aug. 28.—The steamer Lancaster was fired into 15 miles below Natchez, on the 18th, by a battery of artillery. Three shots struck the boat, but nobody was hurt. The battery was supported by 500 cavalry. Gen. Brayman, commanding at Natchez, sent a force in pursuit. The steamers Cheek and Atlantic, reported captured by the rebels up the Yazoo river, arrived safely at Vicksburg with a good cargo of cotton. A large number of rebel prisoners had arrived at Vicksburg, recently captured 15 miles back of Milliken's Bend. Two hundred guerrillas were seen at Commerce, Mo., to-day. The New Orleans cotton market was buoyant Low middlings, 165a167½; middlings, 170a175.

Arrival of the Steamship New York.

VALUABLE SHIP DESTROYED BY THE FLORIDA.

NEW YORK, August 29.—The steamship New York, from Southampton on the 17th instant, arrived this morning.

The steamers Europa and Marathon arrived out on the 15th, and the Belgian on the 16th.

The Rebel loan advanced 3 per cent. on the news of Grant's repulse before Petersburg, the quotations being 77 a 79.

The United States steam frigate Niagara had sailed from Lisbon. Her destination was unknown.

A powerful three funnelled steamer anchored off Foynes, Ireland, on the 13th, and sailed again in the evening. She is supposed to be a blockade runner. A warlike party, with one of the Alabama's lieutenants, landed at that point. It is believed that she is to carry an immense supply of clothing to the rebels.

The Times expresses astonishment at the manner in which the Federal bonds are absorbed at Frankfort, adding that each successive fall is regarded by the existing bondholders with gratification, instead of dismay.

The Times believes that the campaign in America will continue unless the danger to Washington is so great as to demand the return of the main body of Grant's army. The capture of Richmond will be a test of the ability of the North to make a permanent impression on the Confederacy.

Fremont and the Presidential Contest.

BOSTON, August 26.—Several prominent Abolitionists, including Elizur Wright and S. G. Howe, have written to General Fremont, speaking of the dissatisfaction existing in the Republican ranks, and advising that the Baltimore and Cleveland nominees should both withdraw their names as Presidential candidates, and that a new convention be called to select a new candidate. Messrs Wright and company conclude their letter as follows:

"Permit us, sir, to ask whether in case Mr. Lincoln will withdraw, you will do so, and join your fellow-citizens in an attempt to place an administration in power on a basis as broad as the patriotism of the country and its needs."

Gen. Fremont, under date of Nahant, Aug. 25th, replied at considerable length. He says he does not feel at liberty to withdraw his name without consulting the patriotic party who nominated him, but suggests that a direct effort be made to obtain an immediate understanding between the supporters of the Baltimore and Cleveland nominations, in order that the friends of both may coalesce and unite upon an early day for holding such a convention. The following is extracted from Gen. Fremont's letter:

"Much has been said about peace, and you will excuse me if I say what I understand by it. For me peace signifies the integral establishment of the Union without slavery; because slavery is the source of all our political dissensions, and because the institution itself is condemned by the enlightened liberal spirit of the age. These are to be the essential conditions of peace."

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27, 1864.

The great question of the day here—a greater question even than the Chicago nominations, or Richmond, or Petersburg, is, "Will the draft be enforced on the 5th of September?" Those who assume the negative, point to the 23,000 naval enlistments, for which the War Department is bound to give us credit, but as the War Department has not been heard from as yet on the subject, the public mind is in a delightful state of uncertainty. There is much dissatisfaction with Governor Seymour for running off to Chicago before effecting some kind of an understanding with the Government one way or another.

At present, but little recruiting is going on. This is not to be wondered at. There are scores of men who intend to enter the army, but are holding back in the expectation of making a more advantageous bargain after the 5th of September. The few men who are now enlisting receive about $600 cash, though in some cases a higher bounty is given. Two commissioners from Brooklyn, who went down to Newbern, N. C., to hunt up colored substitutes, returned to-day as they went, without the colored persons Massachusetts had forestalled the market.

Gen. Butler is said to be in town, *en route* for Massachusetts. Sundry prominent citizens, I hear, called on him this morning and asked him to speak on the prospects of the war and the pending political issues. His reply was characteristic: "Open a recruiting office and I will be with you; I will speak for hours, if you give me 500 volunteers in return." Thereupon the sundry prominent citizens incontinently skedaddled.

For the week ending Aug. 24, 9088 immigrants from Europe arrived at this port. This makes a total of 132,275 from 1st of January to date, and shows an increase of about thirty thousand over the arrivals during the corresponding season in 1863.

A man, named Ernest Brauer, was shot last Wednesday by Deputy Provost Marshal Jenkins, while attempting to escape from arrest as a deserter. The man died of his wounds next morning. The shooting took place in a saloon, 152 Chatham street. Jenkins is under arrest, awaiting an examination.

The travel on the Eastern and North River steamers hitherward, is, just now, very great. The crowd on the Fall River and Stonington boats last week was so great that many of the passengers, including ladies, had to sleep on deck or walk about all night. These birds of passage are mostly hurrying home from the watering places, the mountains and other fashionable resorts in the country.

Several cases of yellow fever (one of them terminating fatally) were reported in Brooklyn, this morning. The fatal case was in Leonard street. The disease is said to have been brought into the city by sick persons who came on from Key West, in a schooner, which went to New London in order to avoid the quarantine regulations at this port.

U. S. Commissioner Osborn, on Friday last ordered the discharge, from custody, of Mr. John Mullaly, editor of the Metropolitan Record, who was arrested at the instance of the U. S. Marshal, for inciting, in his paper, resistance to the draft. The court room was crowded, and the liveliest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The Commissioner read his opinion from manuscript. The gist of it seems to be embodied in the following paragraph:

"A careful study of the sections of the Enrolment Act have led me to the conclusion that before any person can resist any draft of men enrolled into the service of the United States, or shall counsel another to resist any such draft, the draft must be actually in operation, drawing the names from the wheel, and going through the *modus operandi* of the proceeding."

Mr. Mullaly was warmly greeted by his friends when the decision was announced. With such an opinion as this obtaining, it is easy to see the utter impossibility of repressing incendiary newspaper articles by the ordinary processes of law, so far as this city is concerned.

The Evening Post on Friday announced that the Provost Marshals have received instructions from Washington to proceed with the draft on the 5th of September, and also that a sufficient force has been provided to secure the attendance of the drafted men after the drawing is completed.

An effort was made by several substitutes to escape from the Battery Barracks last Friday. The soldier on guard, after calling upon them to halt, and finding they did not obey the command, fired his musket at them, the charge entering the head of one of the number, John Peterson by name, killing him on the spot. The others made good their escape.

The total imports at New York for the week compare as follows with former returns:

Week end...	Aug 26.	Aug 19	Aug 12	Aug. 9.
Dry Goods	$1,334 640	$1,093 337	$1,593,626	$2,301,938
G. mdse	2 235 777	1,749 504	4,186,575	2,243,228
Total	$3 570 3.7	$2 842 641	$2 620 949	$4 545,166

Among the items in the general merchandise list last week were the following: Tea, $59,652; Coffee, $283,202; Cotton, $55,346; Hemp, $52,645; Iron (bars), 91,440; Wines, $15,950; Molasses, $167,956; Linseed, $115,378; Sugar, $267,000; Wool, $154,047.

The payments at the Sub-Treasury to day amounted to $1,372,881 65; receipts $1,537,329 64; balance $20,629,698 83. Of the receipts $254,000 was from customs, and $25,000 on account of the 7-30 per cent. loan.

The Hansa and City of Baltimore take out an aggregate of $63,334 in specie, also a large amount of Government bonds, to fill foreign orders.

Foreign exchange, for the steamer to-day, closed firm at 108¾a109 (gold) for bankers' sterling. Francs 5.13¾a5.16¼.

Gold has been greatly excited over the news from Gen. Grant's army. The fluctuations were very marked. The opening price was [illegible] to 245¾, or some 8 per cent. lower than yesterday.

Stocks at the Board were inactive, and prizes generally a shade lower. There was a strong disposition to press general descriptions for sale, which would eventually have caused quite a panic, but for the fact of certain operators buying freely for an expected rise.

$20,000 U. S. 6s, '81 (coup.), sold at 109¾; $55,000 one year certifs., 95 a 94¾; $8,000 6s, 7.20's 5,112

N. Y. Central 128¾ a 128¼; Erie 109¾ a 109¼; Reading 133 a 134¼; Cleveland and Toledo 127. As usual on Saturday, there was no Second Board.

The following were the closing quotations at the "open board:" Erie, 109¾; Hudson River, 127¾; Reading, 133¾; Michigan Central, 134¾; Mich. Southern, 85¾; Ill. Cent. Scrip, 128¾; Cleve. and Pitts., 111; North Western, 54; Rock Island, 110¾; Fort Wayne, 111¾; Cumb. Coal, 59¾; Mariposa Mining Co., 41¾.

COTTON.—Rather heavy, and quotations nominal.

FLOUR.—Market 20c. per barrel easier; sales, 10,000 bbls. at $10 a $10 20 for superfine State, and $10 65 a $11 35 for common and fair Ohio; Southern flour easier, 800 bbls. sold at $11 50 a $12 25 for ordinary brands.

GRAIN.—Wheat rules quiet, and three cents per bushel easier; sales of 70,000 bushels at $2 35 a 2 43 for winter red; $2 21 a 2 34 for Chicago spring, and $2 22 a 2 34 for club. Corn easier. Sales of 30,000 bushels at $1 62 a 1 63 for mixed. Oats quiet. Western 94¾.

PROVISIONS.—Pork advanced; sales of 3500 bbls. at $40 50 for new mess, with lots at $40 75 a $41, and $37 for prime. Beef rules at $13 a 15 for country mess. Cut meats are 18c. for hams, and 15 a 16c. for shoulders. Lard quiet at 23 a 24¾ cents. Butter ranges at 43 a 49 cents for Ohio.

WHISKY easier. Sales 500 bbls. at $1 83 for Western.

PETROLEUM dull at 53a53¾c. for crude, and 88 a 90c. for refined free.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season as compared with corresponding time last year

Companies.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incre's
Reading R.	76,583	2,196,387	2,089,732	106,655
Scuyl. Nav.	32,060	578,258	450,096	125,162
Lehigh Nav.	22,583	[illegible]	385,741	25,805
Lehigh V R.	28,000	[illegible]	840,239	117,429
Del. & Lack.	[illegible]	[illegible]	758,308	70,948
Del. & Hud.	24,330	496,948	440,993	55,955
Penna Coal.	23,100	445,245	336,634	109,615
Shamokin	7,556	182,365	157,349	25,016
Broad Top	8,210	256,220	206,557	49,683
Lykens Val.	5,500	94,151	68,809	25,341
Treverton	1,304	47,951	36,479	11,472
Total	257,464	6,498,028	5,779,909	726,121

The ordinary supply of coal was sent forward from the mines last week, and under the impression that there is to be a further advance in transportation charges on the 1st proximo, the demand for coal is good and prices are firm. The tonnage of anthracite coal last week as appears by our table, was 257,464 tons, and for the season, 6,498,628 tons, against 5,779,909 tons to corresponding time last season, showing an increase of 718,119 tons. We learn from the Pittsburg papers that there is some trouble with the workmen in the bituminous coal mines of that region as to the wages of the workmen. The coal diggers have announced that they are dissatisfied with the price now paid, (five cents per bushel,) and have made a demand upon their employers for an increase of three cents per bushel. The coal merchants appear to be determined not to accede to the request of the diggers, and a combined effort is being made by them to force their workmen to resume work at the former price. A special meeting of the Coal Exchange was held, and a resolution unanimously adopted pledging each other not to pay more than five cents per bushel for digging. It is the intention of some of the large manufacturing establishments to cease operations for a short time, in case the demand is insisted upon.

—The stock market on Saturday, as usual, from the fact that there is on that day but one meeting of the Board of Brokers, was quite dull. Gold opened at 253¾ and sold down to 251¾. Government securities were inactive. The 5-20s were steady at 112, the 7-30s at 111, the 1881s at 109¾, and the 10-40s at 102¾. State 5s were steady at 99¾ and City 6s, municipal loans, at 105¾. Schuylkill Navigation 6s of 1882 sold at 94, about the same as on Friday. Very few Company bonds were offered but quotations showed them to be firmly held. Railway and Canal shares were dull and hardly sustained in prices. Reading sold down to 66¾, a decline of ¾ on the closing sale of the previous day. Pennsylvania and Little Schuylkill were each a fraction lower, as were also Catawissa and Philadelphia and Erie. Norristown, North Pennsylvania and Elmira were all steady. Canal shares were firm though inactive. Schuylkill Navigation preferred sold at 41¾, the same as on Friday. Morris, common, closed at 100 bid 105 asked, and Wyoming at 89a90. The low priced coal company stocks were moderately dealt in. New York and Middle sold at 22 and Green Mountain 7. Fulton was firm at 10¾. We are informed that two more leases have just been given out on the Fulton, on a graduating scale of royalty, whereby the company will participate with the lessees in the increased profits arising from the enhanced price of coal at the shipping points. When all four operations are under way, it is supposed, that, with the strong inducements to production, held out by the high price of coal, that 300,000 tons per annum will be produced. The average royalty, it is estimated, will average 40 cents a ton. Bank shares were held at higher figures. Mechanics' sold at 29. For North America 163 was bid and none offered. Farmers and Mechanics' was bid up to 61¾ and Commercial to 56, and none offered. First National was quoted at 122¾ a 125. Little or nothing was said in Passenger Railways. The attention of operators was attracted principally to Oil Company shares, of which the sales were again very large. Some 40,000 sold, the prices in some instances reacting a little on the general rise of the two or three previous days. The shares of the dividend-paying companies were generally strongly held. The Noble and Delamater, the Maple Shade, the Densmore, the Dalzell, the McElheny, the McClintock, the Briggs, the Perry, the Egbert and the Petroleum are all oil-producing and dividend-paying companies. There are no doubt other good companies on the list, and when thoroughly tested may prove as valuable as the best now developed and dividend-paying. But it is quite certain there are many bald speculations on the market, under the title of oil companies, which, to distinguish and avoid, requires the closest scrutiny and care.

—The following list of quotations is based mainly on the operations of Monday, and on the reported sales nearest to that date, being carefully prepared and corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 south Third street, Philadelphia

U. S. STATES & CITY LOANS.	Par	Bid	Ask		Par	Bid	Ask
U S 6s, JaJ	100	109	109½	C&A 6 p c '67 AaO	100		
" 5-20s—6s	100	110½	111¼	" 6 p c '70 JaJ	100	115	116
" 10-40s—5s	100	102½	103½	" 6 p c '75 AaO	100	109	110½
Penna 5s FaA	100	92½	100	" 6 p c '83 FaA	100	108	109
" 5s cp FaA	100	101	102	" 6 p c '89 JaD	100	108	109
" War Ln 6s	100	105	106	" mtg bd MaN	100	117½	118
Philada 6s old JaJ	100	104½	104¾	Phila and Tr JaJ	100	165	168
" N Ln JaJ	100	105	106	" 6 p c '65 MaN	100	105	109
" coup JaJ	100	106	107	Penna R R MaN	50	74½	75
Pittsburg 6s, Mul	100	92	95	" 6 p c 1stm JaJ	100	123	124½
Alleg Cy, RR5s,C	100	50	80½	" 6 p c 2dmAaO	100	118	119½
Tenn 5s JaJ	100	40	50	Little Sch	50	46¼	47
Missouri 6s	100	68	70	Dela Mtg Bds JaJ	100	100	—
St Louis Bonds	100	—	—	" Guar Bds JaJ	100	100	—
BANKS.				Beaver Mea JaJ	50	93	93½
First National Bk	—	122½	123½	Phila G & N AaO	50	67	70
North Amer JaJ	100	163½	165	Reading JaJ	50	67¼	67¾
Philadelphia MaN	100	132	134	" m 6pc'43-80 JaJ	100	118	120
Far & Mech MaN	50	66	68	" " '44-80 JaJ	100	110	111
Commercial MaN	50	78½	80	" 6 p c '70	100	109	110
Union Liber MaN	50	38	40	" 6 p c '86 JaJ	100	135	136½
Mechanics MaN	20	28½	29	Minehill R R JaA	50	62	63
Southwark MaN	50	100	105	H M J & LanAaO	50	74	74½
Kensington MaN	50	46	—	North Penna JaJ	50	34	35
Penn Town MaN	35	38	40	" 6 p c bd JaJ	100	103	103½
Girard MaN	35	46	50	" 10 p c b MaN	100	125	128
Western MaN	50	80	85	Phil&S 7pc'72 JaJ	100	109	111
Man & Mec MaN	25	27½	28	Chester Valley	50	—	1
Commerce MaN	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" bds MaN	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tradesmen's MaN	50	70	75	Lehigh Val MaN	50	95	93
City MaN	50	65	70	" bds MaN	100	115	117
Consolida'n MaN	25	34½	35	Elmira & W JaJ	50	35	37
Commonw'h MaN	25	47	48	" pref JaJ	50	53	54
Corn Exch MaN	50	66	68	" 7 pc JaJ	100	113	114
Union MaN	40	42	45½	" c 10 pcMaN	100	89	92
Camden MaN	50	—	—	Catawissa JaJ	50	21½	22
Cam, F & MMaN	100	55	60	" pref FaA	50	41	41½
GermantownMaN	50	60	63	" 5 p c MaN	100	65	70
Miner's,Ptts MaN	50	47	50	Huntg & B Tp Shs	50	31	33
Kentucky	100	109	111	" pref	50	40	45
" NorthJaJ	100	124	130	" 2d mtg 7s	100	107	109
Louisville JaJ	100	122	125	Phila W & B AaO	50	72½	75
Tenn, Union JaJ	25	15	25	" Ln '84 JaJ	100	138	140
" PlantersJaJ	100	30	40	Phila and Erie	50	33	35
INSURANCE COMPANIES.				" 6 p c bds	100	110	112
				Cumberland V	50	—	—
N America JaJ	10	26	—	Long Island	50	48	49
Pennsylvania FaA	200	—	—	" 6 p c b JaJ	100	101	103
Delaware Mutual	—	30	33	W Chester 7s JaJ	100	104	106
Life and Anty JaJ	100	140	150	" SsAaO	100	90	—
Girard L & T JaJ	25	35	40	Camden & At Shs	50	16	18
American F FaA	75	167	—	" pref	50	25	—
PennsylvaniaMaN	100	200	—	" 2d mtg	100	50	—
Franklin AaO	100	300	—	CITY PASSENGER R. R.			
County	50	—	—				
CANALS.				Second St RR JaJ	20	71½	72
Sch Nav shs	50	34	35	" 1st mg 7s JaJ	100	110	112
" pref JaJ	50	41	41½	" 2d m 7s MaN	100	111½	112
" L 6s'72 MaQ	100	84	85	Germantown	8	35	37
" 1862 JaJ	100	93½	94	Fifth & Sixth JaJ	50	61	63
" Imp MaN	100	95	96½	" 7 pc JaJ	100	107	109
" 1876 JaJ	100	83	84	Tenth & Elev JaJ	50	51	52
Leh Cl Nav MaN	50	66	68	Thirteenth St JaJ	15	30	33
" Lns JaQ	100	105	—	Seventeenth St JaJ	12	—	—
Morris Can FaA	100	75	80	Spruce & Pine JaJ	25	28	30
" pref FaA	100	138	140	Chesnut & W JaJ	50	63	63
" bds AaO	100	—	106	West Philada JaJ	50	72	75
" 2d mg	100	104	106	" 7 pc JaD	100	—	—
Chesa and Del	200	98	100	Arch Street JaJ	50	24	—
" L 6s' JaJ	100	103	105½	Race & Vine JaJ	18	10	—
Union	50	2	2½	" 7 pc JaJ	100	50	—
" pref 6s JaJ	50	4½	5	Green & Coa JaJ	25	31	34½
" bds MaN	100	22	25	" 7 pc JaJ	100	108	110
Susq & Tidew JaJ	50	20	21½	Girard College JaJ	16	25	29
" bds 78 JaJ	100	65½	70	Darby R R JaJ	50	—	—
Dela Div FaA	50	41	42	Ridge Avenue JaJ	25	15	19
" bds JaJ	100	98	100	Lombard & Sh JaJ	25	30	32
West Branch JaJ	50	64½	70	" 7 pc JaJ	100	100	103
" bds JaJ	100	105½	107	Union R R JaJ	100	—	—
Wyoming V C Q	50	—	—	MISCELLANEOUS.			
" 6s JaJ	100	100	102	Academy Music	100	45	50
North Branch C	—	35	—	Philada Ex MaN	100	53	55
" " bds	—	35	—	Penna & Legh Zc	50	50	55
RAILROADS.				American Gold	100	—	—
Cam & Am JandJ	100	166	167				

Baltimore Stocks.	Par	Bid	Ask	New York Stocks.	Par	Bid	Ask
Baltimore City 6s	100	115	115½	N Y Cent R R	100	128½	128¾
Maryland 6s	100	—	105	Ill Cent R R	100	128½	128¾
Baltimore R R '85	100	—	116	Rock Island R R	100	109½	110
" shs	100	112	117	Galena & N W R	100	57	57½
Nor Cent R R shs	50	—	57	Cleve & Tole'o R	50	—	—
" 6s	100	105	105½				

—Most of the reliable stock securities were neglected all last week for transactions in Oil stocks, of which some forty five to fifty thousand shares sold daily at improving prices The large fortunes realized in a very short time by investments in oil wells have done much to arouse attention to this wonderful production of nature in the Western barrens of the State, and as a consequence enterprise and capital are not only bringing into market a large amount of oil, but each day adds to the general information as to the value of the several companies, the shares of which are offering on the market. There is one remarkable fact in connection with this oil business, comparatively few of the many companies formed have turned out failures, while several have proved rich almost beyond calculation. Skill and practical experimenting have done much to cheapen and render successful the development of the lands of the newly formed companies. Monthly dividends of from 1 to 4 per cent. are now the order of many of the companies holding favor on the stock list. There is scarcely a day that one or [illegible] Maple Shade Company, the McElheny, The Densmore, the Dalzell, the Noble and Delameter, the Pittsburg and Allegheny, and the McClintock, are all considered among the reliable dividend-paying oil stocks, the prices of which steadily improve as their dividends are from month to month announced. In reply to a correspondent who asks the question, we may here state that the par of the McClintock is $10, and the reports from the wells most favorable, with a large surplus in its treasury. There are other productive companies than those mentioned, but they cannot command general favor until their worth is demonstrated by the payment of dividends.

—The holders of the 7-30 U. S. Treasury notes due 1st October next, are anxious to know how the six months' interest then due upon them will be settled when they come to be exchanged for the 1881 six per cent bonds. In the settlement of those falling due on the 19th instant, the whole six months' interest was allowed on the Treasury notes, and the interest on the six per cent. bonds, deducted from the 1st July, the bonds having full coupons from that date. The deduction was for 49 days only. If the same plan be adopted in the settlement of the interest on those falling due on 1st October, it may not be satisfactory to the holders of them. There would then be three months' interest on the six per cent. bonds, which, if deducted from the interest due on the Treasury notes, would reduce the amount to be received by the holders *nearly one-half, and postpone the payment of the remainder for three months longer*. It is suggested that the better plan would be to pay the full six months' interest on the Treasury notes, *and stamp the first maturing coupon on the bonds, as drawing interest from 1st October*. We hope to hear from the Department on this subject in a few days.

—At a meeting of the Directors of the American Telegraph Company on the 25th instant, a quarterly dividend of TWO AND-A-HALF per cent. was declared, payable on and after September 1st.

—The Maple Shade Oil Company have declared their monthly dividend of Four per cent., payable on and after the 30th instant.

CATTLE MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA. Aug. 29.—The supply of Beef Cattle reached 2500 head, and prices ranged from $10 to 16 50 for common to good, and $17 for extra quality. Hogs—Some 2000 head sold at from $15 to 17 00 per 100 lbs. net. The offerings of Sheep were some 0000 head, and the sales were from 6 to 7¾ cents per lb gross. Cows brought from $25 to 65 each. About 120 head were disposed of.

ALLEGHENY, (near Pittsburg,) August 25.—The market during the week was light, there being but few good beeves offered. The amount of cattle weighed at the city scales was small, only 476 head being weighed. The prices ranged from $4 to $8 for fair to good stock. Hogs.—The market was firm, the demand being in advance of the supply. The principal portion that came under our notice was forwarded east. Sheep—The sales were liberal, and at a slight advance over last week's prices

BALTIMORE, Aug. 25.—Beef Cattle.—The offerings amounted to 1100 head, against 850 head last Thursday. Of the offerings 200 were left unsold, 200 head were sold to Washington butchers, and the balance taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3 25 for scalawags and inferior cattle to $8 per 100 lbs. gross for prime lots—a decline in all grades of ¼ a ½c per lb. Sheep—Sales of common to prime lots at 6¾ a 8¾ cents per lb. gross—an advance of ¾ a 1c per lb. Hogs—Sales of common to prime live Hogs as they arrive at $16 a 17 50 per 100 lbs. net.—An advance of 1¾ a 2c per lb. on the rates last Thursday.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The total receipts of all stock at all the yards for the week, were as follows: Beeves, 5278; Cows, 89; Veal Calves, 2099; Sheep and Lambs, 20,120, and Swine, 6141. The supply of Beef was fair, but not excessive. At the opening the market ruled firmer, but a good many cattle which were detained by the washing away of some of the bridges on the Erie road, are expected to come in before the end of the week, in view of which the market subsequently ruled heavy, and prices showed more concession from the opening prices. The bulk of good prime offerings sold at 18 a 18¾c. Milch Cows were in fair demand at from $25 to $70. Veals were steady, with a fair demand, at from 11 to 12c. Sheep and Lambs were in good demand at from $3 50 to 9. Hogs less active and scarcely so firm. Corn fed, 11¾ a 11¾c.; still fed, 11¾ a 11¾c.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—Cambridge and Brighton.—Beeves—first quality, $12 a 13; second, $10 a 11 75; third, $8 a 9 75; extra, $13 50 a 14 per 100 lbs. Working Oxen, $130 a 190, or according to their value as beef. Cows and Calves, $35 a 50; extra, $55 a 75; farrow and ordinary, $28 a 35. Sheep and Lambs—In lots, $2 50 a 6 per head.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia	11 50	2 57	1 72	91
New York	12 00	2 30	1 50	90
Buffalo	10 25	2 11	1 37	81
Cleveland	10 85	2 08	1 50	90
Wilmington	10 50	2 30	1 56	88
Cincinnati	10 85	1 88	1 33	75
St. Louis	9 00	1 92	1 30	90
Baltimore	11 75	2 80	1 60	1 00
Albany	9 50	2 30	1 59	91
Boston	10 50	—	1 69	1 00
New Orleans	13 25	—	1 70	1 04
Pittsburg	10 75	2 04	1 52	94
Louisville	8 69	1 80	1 26	89
Chicago	9 25	2 00	1 23	65
Toledo	7 00	1 90	1 20	64
Milwaukie	7 00	1 90	1 30	64

PHILADA. WHOLESALE MARKET.

There is less activity noticeable in the markets for most of the leading articles, but prices generally are firm and on the advance. Bark is scarce and wanted. Breadstuffs are bringing full prices, and for Flour and Wheat higher figures were realized, but Corn and Oats close lower. Coal is unsettled, buyers and sellers holding off for the Scranton sales of Wednesday next. Cotton has advanced, but leaves off dull. Groceries are firm but quiet. Fish scarce and advancing. Fruit, nothing doing except in domestic green Fruit, which is very plenty. Hides and Leather, the latter especially, are buoyant. Metals continue in request and command full prices. Naval Stores, Oils, Rice and Salt are stead. Provisions rather higher. Spirits firm, and for Whisky prices are better. Teas have advanced. Tallow and Tobacco remain quiet, and Wool in good demand, but the high views of holders check business.

BARK—About 120 hhds Quercitron sold at $51 for 1st No. 1. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is quiet at 25c per lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly and the market continues dull and unsettled. The difference in the views of buyers and sellers has a tendency to limit the operations both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE—Sales of 500 a 600 bags, mostly Rio, at 51 a 52c, cash and four months, including 100 bags Laguayra at 53c.

COPPER—Yellow Metal is selling at 50c for sheets and 54c for bolts, with the addition of U. S. Government tax.

COTTON—Prices went up 3 a 10c per lb, but closed unsettled and rather lower, many of the mills being idle. Sales reach some 250 bales at from 170 to 180c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash, closing quiet at 18?c. 135 bales and 238 bags, a prize cargo, sold by auction at 125 a 175c, cash.

FEATHERS range at from 90 to 100c per lb.

FISH—About 1500 bbls sold from the vessel at $17 a 29 for 1s; $18½ a 18½ for 2s, and $12¾ and $14½ for medium and large 3s. They are now held higher, and very scarce. Of pickled Herring there is none offering. Dry Cod are worth $9 the 100 lbs.

FRUIT—There are no arrivals of foreign. Of domestic the receipts and sales of Apples and Peaches are large. We quote the former at 25 to 50c. and the latter at 50 to 100c; extra quality are worth 150 a 200c per basket.

FLOUR AND MEAL—For fresh ground Flour prices have advanced 25 a 50c per bbl, with sales of 12,000 bbls chiefly extra and extra family, at $10 75 a 12 for the former, and $11 50 a 11 50 for the latter, including some high grade do. at $12 75 a 13, and superfine, which is wanted, at $10 a 10 50 per bbl. The trade are buying to a fair extent within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality, and high grade fancies at something more. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce, with small sales of the former at $10 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of 65,000 bushels of Wheat at $2 53 a 2 58 for old Pennsylvania and Western reds; $2 63 a 2 [illegible] do.; $2 63 a 2 70 for Delaware do., and $2 75 a 3 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce at $1 85 a 1 90 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn is lower at the close, with sales of 30,000 bushels at $1 70 a 1 74 for yellow, and $1 64 a 1 72 for Western mixed. Oats are also dull and lower, and about 25,000 bushels only found buyers at 85 a 90c for new, and 98c a $1 for old. Barley and Malt are firm but quiet, with sales of 6 000 a 7,000 bushels of the latter on terms kept private. Of Mill Feed we note sales of Ship stuff at $45 per ton.

GINSENG commands full prices.

GUANO—Prices are without quotable change.

HAY is quoted at $30 a 32 per ton for baled.

HEMP—Stocks are light and the market firm.

HIDES are firm, but for dry Hides the demand is limited. There is a steady inquiry for green, and prices remain without change.

HOPS are selling at from 25 to 40 cents per lb.

IRON—The market is firm; we quote good No 1 at $72 a 73, cash; No. 3, $65 a 67, and No 3 $70 per ton. A sale of Glendon is reported at $72 cash, at the furnace. There is some low grade iron offering at much less, but the quality is very unreliable. Scotch Pig remains quiet, and Blooms and Boiler Iron scarce and high. For Manufactured Iron the demand continues good and prices firm.

LEAD—2000 pigs Galena sold at $17 the 100 pounds, cash.

LEATHER—The demand is good for heavy stock, which is taken on arrival at full prices, but other kinds are dull.

LUMBER comes in slowly, and prices are well maintained and firm, with moderate sales at $32 a 35 for white pine, and $27 a 29 for yellow sap boards. Laths worth $2 50 per M.

MOLASSES is firm with a few small sales of Cuba at full prices.

NAVAL STORES—A small business doing at $3 60 a 3 65 for French and American Spirits Turpentine, which is lower, and $45 a 50 for Rosin. Nothing new in Tar or Pitch.

OILS—There is a good demand for Fish and Lard Oil, and prices are better, winter Lard Oil selling at $1 80 a 1 85 Linseed is active at $1 70 a 1 72. Of Elaine Oil a sale is reported at $1 37½. Petroleum is firm, 6,000 bbls refined in bond, sold at 85 a 86c; free Oil is quoted at 87 a 93c. and crude at 50c, and but little offering. The following are the receipts of Petroleum at this port for the last week: Crude, 3200 bbls; Refined, 4700 bbls.

PLASTER commands $5 50 per ton.

PROVISIONS—We quote Mess Pork at $40 a 42, with small sales, and mess Beef at $20 to $30 per bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon is more active. Hams are selling at 10 a 25c for plain and fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 17 a 17½c. Green meats are scarce and in request, with sales at 18 a 20c for salt and pickled Hams, and 15 a 16½c for Shoulders. Lard is very scarce, sales of 450 tierces at 22½ a 24c; no kegs here. Butter, 46 a 47c for Pennsylvania and Ohio packed; no New York State here. Cheese is selling at 22 a 26c for good and choice dairies. Eggs are dull at 29 a 31c per dozen.

RICE—Rangoon is quoted at 15 a 15½c per pound.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is quoted at $14 a 16 per bush. Timothy is firm, with small sales at $6 a 6 25 from first and $6 00 a $6 50 per bushel from second hands. Flaxseed is selling at $3 60 a $3 62 per bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is nominal at $1 35 Whisky is more active and higher, with free sales of bbls at $1 83 a 1 90, mostly at $1 85 a 1 87, now held at the latter rate, and dull.

SUGARS are firm but less active, and some 800 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico were disposed of, mostly of the former, at from 20⅛ to 24c, on the usual terms; 500 boxes also sold at 24½c on time.

TALLOW—There is very little offering, and sales are reported at 19¼ a 19½c for city rendered, which rates are refused by some holders.

TOBACCO is unchanged, with a small business to note in leaf and manufactured at full rates. The receipts of Pennsylvania leaf are large.

WOOL—The market is firm but rather quiet, owing to the high views of holders, who are asking a further advance. Sales of 3 a 400,000 lbs are reported at 110 a 115c for fine and coarse, including some lots of extra quality at 118 a 122½c, the latter [illegible] at 125 a 128c. Yarns are active at [illegible]

FREIGHTS—There is no change in Liverpool freights, and a moderate business doing. Oil freights are steady at 6 a 7s., in American and foreign vessels. To the West Indies we hear of nothing doing. Coastwise rates are unsettled, and Government coal freights active at $10 to Tampa Bay, $10 50 to Pensacola, and $12 50 to New Orleans. To the East the going rates are $1 70 a 2 80 to Boston, $2 50 to Rhode Island, and $1 75 per ton to New York, the latter via canal.

MARRIED.

BRIGHT—MARSHALL.—At Hestonville, Aug. 18th, 1864, by the Rev G. Collins, Chaplain U. S. A., Mr. CHRISTIAN BRIGHT, of Hilltown, Bucks County, to Miss FRANCES JOSEPHINE MARSHALL, of Millville, N. J.

BROOKBANKS—EVANS.—On the 2d of June, by Alderman Welding, Mr THOMAS BROOKBANKS to Miss ELIZA EVANS, both of this city.

GILBERT—LEE.—On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Norris Jones Rector of the St. Bartholomew P. E. Church, Mr. JOSEPH GILBERT to Miss SYLVANIA PENN LEE all of this city.

HABBISON—HUTCHINSON.—August 21, 1864, by Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. WILLIAM HABBISON to Miss SARAH HANNAH HUTCHINSON, both of Philada.

HARPER—FAUNCE.—On the 24th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr SAMUEL D. HARPER to Miss ELIZABETH P. FAUNCE, all of Frankford.

HOLLWARTH—WEBB.—On the 26th of May, 1864, by Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr WILLIAM HOLLWARTH to Miss EMMA F. WEBB, both of this city.

HUSTON—HAWKE.—On the 4th inst., at the residence of Col. James H. Coates Amboy, Ill., by the Rev. L. J White, Mr. A. B. HUSTON, of Philadelphia, to Miss CARDIE A. HAWKE, of Amboy, Illinois.

KRIDER—MOFFITT.—In Emmanuel P. E. Church, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, Mr. HIRAM KRIDER, of White Haven, to Miss JANE AMELIA, daughter of Adam Moffitt Esq., of this city.

MIRKIL—KOLB.—In October, 1863, by Alderman Dougherty, Mr. GEORGE MIRKIL to Miss LIZZY L. KOLB, both of this city.

MOORE—KOLB.—On the 5th of April, 1864, by Rev. J. F. Kennard, Mr. MORRIS L. MOORE to Miss KATE M. KOLB, all of this city.

RUOFF—JOHNSON.—On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Levi G. Beck, of Pemberton, N. J., Mr. JOHN H. RUOFF to Miss ELLA V. JOHNSON, both of this city.

THOMAS—MOFFITT.—In Emmanuel P. E. Church, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, Mr. WILLIAM HENRY THOMAS to Miss REBECCA ELIZABETH, daughter of Adam Moffitt, Esq., all of this city.

DIED.

BECKMAN.—On the 26th inst., at Norristown, WILLIAM BECKMAN, son of William and the late Margaret Beckman, in the 30th year of his age.

BLEE.—On 26th inst., EDWARD BLEE, in the 97th year of his age.

BONNELL.—On Wednesday evening, the 24th instant, LYDIA BONNELL, in the 68th year of her age.

BONSALL.—Killed on the 19th inst., in the action on the Weldon Railroad. Lieut. JAMES S. BONSALL, of Company F, 90th Regt., P. V., National Guard, son of J. S. and E. M. Bonsall, in the 24th year of his age.

BRISBING.—Killed, in action, near White Oak Swamp, Va., Sergt. JOHN BRISBING, Co. F, 8th Pa. Cavalry.

BROADBANKS.—On the 24th of July, ELIZA, wife of Thomas Broadbanks, aged 25 years.

EARNEST.—Killed, on the 21st of August, in battle on the Weldon Railroad, while nobly fighting for his country, ALEXANDER O. EARNEST, Company E 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 33th year of his age.

GILL.—On the 23d instant, Mrs. MARGARET GILL, in the 73d year of her age.

GOWEN.—On the 24th inst., JAMES F. GOWEN, in the 21st year of his age.

HENRY.—On the 26th instant, JOHN, son of Dennis and Margaret Henry, aged 29 years.

KOEHLER.—On the 24th instant, at White Hall Hospital, of Dysentery contracted in Eastern Virginia, CHRISTIAN KOEHLER, of Co D, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the 45th year of his age.

McGINNIS.—On the 25th inst., JAMES McGINNIS, Company I 23d P. V., aged 23 years.

MOODY.—Killed in battle, at Guntown, Miss., June 10th, IRWIN MOODY, Adg't 93d Reg Ind. Vol., late of Philadelphia.

MYERS.—On Wednesday, 24th instant, Lieut. WILBUR T. MYERS, of Co. C, 90th Reg't P. V., aged 32 years.

PARK.—At Germantown, August 25th, Mrs. NANCY PARK, in the 83th year of her age.

SLACK.—August 21st, at Petersburg Hospital, of wounds received at the battle of Weldon Railroad, Corporal CORNELIUS SLACK, Co. E, 150th Regiment, P. V., son of Cornelius and Elizabeth Slack, in the 22d year of his age.

STILLE.—At his residence, Tuckahoe, N. J., on the 24th instant, JOHN STILLE, in the 66th year of his age.

WATSON.—On the 24th inst., SAM'L. WATSON, in the 57th year of his age.

WISE.—On the 26th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH WISE, aged 61 years.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My Onguent (established in 1852) will produce them in six weeks' time, and won't stain or injure the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. R. G. GRAHAM, au31 1t* 109 Nassau street, New York.

VINELAND LANDS—TO ALL WANTING FARMS—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles South of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufactories and others; churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post-office, Cumberland county, N. J. From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of "The Tribune:" "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies." [illegible]

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.

From Gunnerfleet to Lynscar,
Lie mosses deep, and swamp and heather:
There's little change or difference there
In summer or in winter weather.

At times you hear the lapwing's note
Pipe sadly o'er the mosses yellow,
And troops of lazy plover float
And hover o'er the sandy fallow.

Though many a year has fled away,
With clouds and sunshine, joy or sadness,
It seems to me but yesterday
I heard those sounds of mirth and gladness.

Within the walls of yonder cot
Twine two young hearts that naught shall sever:
Alas! alas! I had forgot,
Those two young hearts now sleep forever!

A simple watcher he, but tall
And straight, and bold and open hearted;
She like a tender heather bell,
That lingers when the summer's parted.

So bright her presence seemed, that light
And warmth around her footsteps flitted:
Anger, where'er she came, took flight,
And every brow of care unknitted.

A thoughtful love, a loving heart:
A smile that breathed in every feature:
She seemed on this dull earth below
Of some bright heaven a chosen creature.

In words of song is passion told,
And blazoned loud in phrase poetic,
Give me the thoughts which buried lie,
Reposing in hearts sympathetic.

No tale have I of love to tell,
No tale of obstacles surmounted;
The sad and solemn words of truth
By my poor mouth shall be recounted.

In nuptial bonds their hands were joined,
The ring put on, the blessing spoken;
In one brief hour the loving link
That chained those hearts was snapped and broken.

A mile from yonder cot there lies
A glassy pool, by wave scarce ruffled,
Silent and still, yet you may hear
The sound of falling water muffled.

For 'neath the earth the stream flows on
Under full many an emerald meadow,
Under dank rock and mossy cave,
All sleeping in eternal shadow.

And though the waters seemed to flow
A measured slowly-gliding current,
A hundred yards or two below
They issue forth a foaming torrent.

From that dark pool, when early dew
Makes opal all the crimson heather,
She used to bear a brimming jar,
And on her wedding day went thither.

She ne'er returned: yet how she died
No trace remained, no tale or tiding:
And yonder stream seemed still the same,
Onwards, yet ever onwards gliding.

Hugh, though to outward eye the same
(And few could tell his heart was broken),
Thither, forever searching came,
And prayed of his lost bride some token.

One day, about the lower fall,
He lingered, and his search was ended,
A sunbeam through the torrent wave,
Lit on a skeleton suspended.

My tale is told, how she had died,
This was the ghastly tale and tiding
Yet yonder stream is still the same,
Onwards, yet ever onwards gliding.

THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued unless attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BRIEF NOTES OF THINGS.

WARM STABLES IN WINTER.—All farm animals to thrive and do well require a certain amount of animal or *bodily heat*. And if your stable is open, airy and cold, they will, of course, have to have the lacking heat, whatever that may be, supplied by a *proportionate extra* amount of food, as food is necessary to produce *internal* animal heat. And hence it is very evident that the *warmer* your stables are the less food will your animals need to keep up their proper degree of bodily heat. And it is thus equally plain that a broken pane of glass, or a loose weather-board, or an open air-hole that allows a cold current of air to blow in directly upon or against your animals, may cost you the wasting of a ton of hay or of many bagsful of corn or oats to winter your animals properly. And so you should be very careful on the approach of cold weather, to make your stable as *warm* as you can without using artificial heat, and yet so arrange your air-holes as always to allow the ingress of a sufficiency of *external air* to keep the air in your stables sweet, pure and healthy.

HIGH AND LOW CEILED STABLES.—It is a very common saying that *high*-ceiled stables are *cold* while *low*-ceiled stables are *warm*. And as a general thing the saying is true. Low-ceiled stables are warm because the warm breath of your breathing animals warms up the air in a low-ceiled stable much sooner than it warms or can warm up the air in a larger space [illegible] in a high-ceiled stable. This is too plain a truth to need any extended argument. But low-ceilings, provided they are high enough to keep horses from knocking their heads against the floorage or timbers over their heads, are just as good as high ceilings are, if the air contained in such low-ceiled spaces is *kept pure* by a suitable admission of fresh air. And when that is carefully and continuously done I would prefer a ceiling of *medium* height to all of your high ceilings in stables, no matter what certain agricultural journals and writers may say to the centrary. I know that the animals of many of our farmers who own *low*-ceiled stables are often greatly injured in their health by the *heavy, dense, and nauseously-stinking smell* and *heat* that pervades their stables, but as that arises entirely from the want of proper ventilation, it is an evil that can be remedied very easily, and will be so by every thinking farmer who has a rightful regard for his own interest in the health of his animals.

CLOSE AND FOUL AIRED STABLES.—Stables that have no air-holes for the admission of fresh air will, of course, soon get warm and remain warm through the heated air that escapes from the animals in breathing. But animals so stabled must necessarily inhale over and over again their own breathed-out air until the air of their stables is too impure or foul for the vigorous and healthy digestion of their food. And if you will open the door of such a stable in the morning where a number of horses and cows are kept, its hot air and hartshorne-like "*are*," as one writer expresses it, "*is almost sufficient to knock a man down!*" What wonder, then, that horses, so used, should suffer from inflamed eyes, coughs, glanders and other ailments. The only wonder is that they bear the abuse so long and so well." And then to make the matter still worse, some farmers, instead of cleansing out their stables every morning as they ought to do, suffer the dung and urine to lie there and accumulate for days, until the air which his animals inhale into their lungs is full of the foul gases issuing from their fermenting manures. Now this great evil can only be corrected by leaving the *foul air pass out and fresh air come into your stable* both near the ground and over your animals heads—through ventilators so arranged, however, that no cold currents of air will, at any time, come in directly against your animals, and no rain or snow will blow into their apartments, while the foul gases generated by their dung and urine can easily pass away out in the open air. But it is better to throw this manure every morning out into your manure-shed and coat it over with some material that will absorb and retain these gases for future manurial purposes.

DARK STABLES.—Some farmers seem to think that the tighter and darker they can make their stables the better, especially in winter. But this is a great mistake, as I have already shown you, so far as it regards the purity of the air required by your animals. And now how is it as it respects *light?* Let us see. "Malakoff," in writing for the Agricultural Department of the "Dollar Newspaper" printed at Philadelphia, says: "Few realize how much the health and growth of animals depend upon light and air. A farmer of our acquaintance deposited a number of shoats under his barn at the beginning of winter. He considered this a happy thought, and coaxed the little porkers under, and plugged the whole with great satisfaction, thinking what fine, large porkers they would turn out when they showed themselves in the spring, and that his sheep would not be disturbed that winter by squealing and growling from cold. A hole was made through the floor to feed through. But what was his surprise when in spring he withdrew the plug, to find that his *big porkers* came out greatly reduced in flesh and stature, though they had been fed liberally during the winter. Their condition was attributed solely to a want of light and wholesome air. All growing animals are thus affected in the dark, and where impure air circulates." Remember, therefore, this great truth, to wit, that all living animals need and must have an ample supply of light in their stables to thrive and do well, and see that you provide it for them in winter as well as in summer. So your sheep sheds and hog-pens should always face and be open towards the South, so that your sheep and hogs may enjoy the benefits of the winter's sun as much as possible. For the sun's heat and light have a wonderfully invigorating influence upon animals of every description.

COVERING WOUNDS IN PRUNED FRUIT TREES.—A coating or covering of Canada balsam over the smoothly cut wounds of a freshly pruned fruit tree will protect their exposed wood and bark edges from the exudizing influences of the atmosphere, and at the same time permit the newly-forming bark around those edges gradually and nicely to enlarge, and at last to entirely cover and heal up the wounds made in pruning. But some fruit-growers prefer a coating of *shellac*, consisting of one ounce of gum-shellac dissolved in a quart of alcohol of 95 per cent. strength, and a quite thin varnish or coating only of such alcoholic shellac should be put on such wounds, as a thick coating of it is sure to crack and peel off instead of remaining firmly attached to their surface. When the coating so applied is thin, the alcohol evaporates immediately and leaves the drying and dried shellac firmly attached to the whole face of the wound before any oozing of sap can occur to prevent such attachment. This alcoholic-gum shellac should be kept in a perfectly air-tight bottle until it is settled, as its exposure to the action of the air will cause it to diminish in bulk pretty quickly through the influence of evaporation.

WHAT GRAPE VINES TO PLANT.—A gentleman says: "I want to put out 200 vines to raise grapes to sell at the most profit in New York." We advised 20 Creveling, 25 Hartford Prolific, 80 Concord, 30 Delaware, 20 Union Village, 10 Diana, and 15 Allen's Hybrid, and for the following reasons: The Creveling is a fair grape, and being one of the earliest, will sell well on this account alone. The Hartford is next earliest, very prolific, of fair quality, and will therefore sell well. The Concord will yield more pounds than any other for the same trouble and number of vines, and is also of good quality, so that most people will buy it also. The Delaware grows slowly and does not yield largely at first, but its superior quality will command a good price from a considerable class of persons. The Union Village is very large, of fair quality, and will sell well for its size alone. The Diana is of peculiar flavor, light color, and will suit a particular class of buyers who will pay more for it than for the black grape. The Allen's Hybrid is the most promising hardy *white* grape we have, is delicious eating—the fruit will sell at a high price. The above list we submitted to a large meeting of Fruit Growers, and it met with almost unanimous approval. Two or three objected to the Diana—with us it does very well. (Am. Ag., Nov., 1863, p. 335.)

INDEPENDENCE AND HAPPINESS OF THE FARMER.—No man can be perfectly independent of his fellow-men, for that is an impossibility. But the farmer who owns the soil that he tills, and tills it aright, comes nearest to his being independent of other men than any other man in society ever was, or indeed can be. But this, great as it confessedly is, is not his only advantage over his fellow-men. For the tiller of the soil has the healthiest pursuit in life that any man can pursue. So if he is industrious and economical while he is young, he will, after he has reached middle-life, have more leisure time, if he will, for study and philosophic contemplation than any other man. So if he improves and beautifies his farm and farm-buildings, and does good to himself and fellow-men around him according to his means and his opportunities, and preserves a conscience void of offence toward all men, and worships God intelligently, sincerely and continuously unto the end of his days, he will not only leave the world the better for his having been in it, but he will be happy while he is here, and also unspeakably happy after he is gone the way of all flesh. And who could wish a better life and end than that?

January, 1864. WEST BRANCH.

CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO.

Heat and ill-health, Messrs. Editors, are more than even a newspaper correspondent can endure, and hence we fled the city, and sought for strength and coolness among the beautiful hills of Montgomery county. The cultivation of Montgomery is conducted on a different plan from that of Chester and Delaware, in fact the class of farmers are different; kindness and courtesy being recognizable constituents of the former, while their absence is quickly detected in the latter. But if we pause to give you an account of the kindness of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery of Montgomery county, we fear we will never reach the cultivation of tobacco.

We recently had the pleasure, through the courtesy of Mr. James Scheetz, of examining a remarkable fine crop of tobacco, situated on the well-cultivated farm of Francis Scheetz, Esq., on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, near Sandy Run Station. For most of the facts which we will give we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. James Scheetz, under whose management the crop has reached its highest degree of cultivation.

The patch covers about three acres, and the plants are arranged in rows, with paths between of three feet in width and a distance of four feet between each in a row. Standing at one extremity of the field and glancing along the rows, we have a view of remarkable beauty, the whole resembling a miniature city, laid out with a regularity which throws Philadelphia in the shade. The plants have now reached almost their full growth, averaging in height from four to four and a half feet. In form they resemble an immense cauliflower, and are of a deep green color. The leaves have attained the immense size of three feet in length and one and a half in width, and are of an oval serrated form. We give these particulars in order to prove the high state of cultivation to which tobacco can be brought in the Keystone State.

The manner of planting is simple. The seed is sown in a hot bed about the last of March, and about the close of May they have attained sufficient size to bear transplanting, when it is about as large as a small cabbage, and resembles it in form.

After transplanting, the only care necessary is to defend them against the encroachment of a large green worm, which feeds upon the leaves. About the beginning of September they begin to be covered with yellow spots, which indicate that the "time of reaping has arrived." The leaves are then cut, dried, and the nerves drawn out and packed, when the poison, the narcotic, the delicious invigorator, according to the temperament of the person who is speaking, is delivered to the tobacconists of the city for final preparation.

The crop that we have described has proved a most excellent investment, and we doubt not similar success would attend similar efforts. We have before us an ocular demonstration of the capability of Pennsylvania for raising tobacco; in a future letter we will describe the success attending the cultivation of sorghum, Chinese sugar cane, which, with England growing cotton in her Eastern provinces, threaten to place the "sunny South" in an unenviable position. Robbed of her natural wealth by the enterprize of her rivals, devastated by fire and sword, she will find herself a vast monument of the result of ambition, a massive tombstone on the grave of slavery.

While Pennsylvania, beneath the fostering care of her agricultural population will add to her immense mineral and metalic wealth, her mighty seas of oil, waving fields of tobacco and sugar, and prove to the world that northern enterprize can not only exhume the hidden treasures of the earth and dive down to the oily seas, which flow from nature's crucible, but can also transplant the products of other climes and domesticate to her use the products of the malarious zephyrs of the torrid zone.

RUSTICUS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CATERPILLARS.

These destructive insects are now busy in their depredations on fruit trees, grape vines, &c. I was congratulating myself that my fruit trees had escaped their ravages, but whilst walking the other evening under an apple tree, I observed that a number of its leaves were almost eaten up, nothing remaining but the stem and veins or skeleton of the leaf. This excited my wrath and I vowed vengeance against the entire brood, which I had no difficulty in finding ensconced against one of the principal branches. From this, their head-quarters, they would sally out on foraging expeditions, and destruction marked their progress. But their advance was soon doomed to be checked! Like the brave Irishman who, singlehanded, "surrounded" and captured several hostile soldiers, so I surrounded this nest of caterpillars, and dislodged them with a long pole, and then, forgetting the right of a fair trial, and the privileges which prisoners of war are entitled to, I summarily ended the nuisance by crushing them to the ground.

Looking out from the window on a favorite grape vine, I discovered that several of its leaves were anatomized by these villainous caterpillars. I sallied out and made a close inspection of the damage done. I found that they had as yet made little impression on my vine, but evidently intended further mischief. There they lay in two camps—one scattered as if poorly organized, resembling a band of disorderly rowdies, the other camp lying in regular companies, one of which was advanced to the edge of the large leaf, which they occupied, and eating out its substance. Their black heads were just at the edge, whilst their green bodies lying side by side, extended back on the leaf about half an inch. Some were smaller, say a quarter of an inch in length. These latter ate out only the tender part of the leaf, whilst the former took all but the ribs and veins. My mode of destroying this pest, (i. e. in this case, cutting off the infected leaf and crushing it with all its vermin,) is slow but sure. To-day I tried another method on an apple tree, which also succeeded admirably. Tying some straw (a handful) to a long pole, I lit it with a match, and brought the burning mass just below the caterpillar nest. The rising flames soon enveloped and consumed it, without in the least scorching the limbs, and but very few leaves. Such methods will do in a small orchard, but where there are hundreds of trees instead of a score or two, what would be the best mode of ridding the trees of this vermin? Some farmers, I am pained to see, calmly look on, or rather close their eyes, while the caterpillars are ruining their fruit trees. It is a nuisance and should be exterminated wherever, and as soon as it appears. Will those readers of the Dollar Newspaper who have tried other remedies, as coal oil, &c., communicate their success through its columns?

July 26, 1864. FILIUS AGRICOLÆ.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CORN.

As a farmer, I desire to make a few suggestions in relation to the cultivation of this valuable crop. In our State there is no more profitable crop raised. It may be turned to a variety of uses on the farm, and to dispose of, but few, if any crops equal it. The stalks are preferable to hay for cattle; they thrive better on them, and as regards horses, none may be found to have the heaves, given this fodder. Stalks are preferred for nearly all stock until early spring, when they become dry and the cattle do no eat them as well.

Corn should be cultivated with the most modern approved implements. Early attention to this will save a vast amount of hand labor. Some farmers are of the opinion that hoeing can consistently be dispensed with by frequently using the cultivator. This is true to a certain extent, yet I have never known corn to be injured by thorough hoeing. On the contrary, a diligent use of the hoe when the stalk is four or five inches high will facilitate its growth more than any appliance. Too much pains cannot be observed the first hoeing. The old surface dirt should be removed from around he hill and replaced by good fresh dirt.

A less partiular hoeing is requisite at a subsequent period. Avoid the cultivation of corn when the ground is extremely wet; it not only injures the crop but the ground.

It should be the object of every farmer to procure the best seed corn for planting. Great loss is sustained by neglecting this important item. That taken from the crib is, in half the instances, imperfect for seed. Our farmers in general, have learned a lesson by neglecting to save seed in proper season, and to secure it in proper manner. The right method is to select the best ears immediately before or after cutting up. Suspend them in some dry place by the husks until the season of planting. Very seldom a kind will fail to germinate if this course is pursued.

In planting, make all necessary preparation for worms. They must be sufficiently fed, or they will make havoc with that intended for the farmer. Four stalks are enough in a hill, yet it is better to plant from six to eight grains, providing for contingencies. If too many should happen to stand they should be pulled out while hoeing, which is far better than to plant over again, thus giving the corn a good growth in its appropriate season, and in weeding, caution should be taken to pull up the most feeble stalks, which operation should not be neglected too long. The theory of one farmer I once heard of, was to pull the best thus giving the poorest a better chance. This would not seem to be good economy. L.

Cayuga, N. Y., Aug 1864.

BLACKBERRY-ROOT CORDIAL.

PREPARATION.—Take of blackberry-root bark, pounded fine, two ounces; pure ginger root, fine, one half ounce; place them in a covered vessel, and pour upon them one half pint of whisky and the same of water—macerate fourteen days. Then strain, adding water so as to make one pint of clear liquor. Then add four ounces of refined sugar, and dissolve.

PROPERTIES AND USE.—The physiological effects of this cordial, in moderate doses, are, those of a tonic, stimulant, and astringent, invigorating the vital energies generally, peculiarly fitting it to the treatment of a certain class of diseases—such are cases of chronic diarrhœa and dysentery, general debility, with impaired digestive functions. We can safely testify that we have not unfrequently seen confirmed cases of chronic diarrhœa and dysentery yield to this cordial, after other more potent remedies (so called) had failed, such as calomel, blue pill, sugar of lead, &c.

The dose is one tablespoonful, repeated according to circumstances, or from three to six times daily. The time of digging the root is immaterial.

COMPOUND PEACH-BARK CORDIAL.—Take of peach bark from young sprouts, three ounces; blackberry-root bark two ounces; redberry bark one ounce; ginger-root half ounce. Place the whole in a covered vessel; pour upon them one and a half pints of boiling water; let it stand and steep two hours; then strain, and add whisky one-half pint, refined sugar one-half pound. Use and dose the same as the blackberry-root cordial. A. F. PATTEE, M. D.

Amesbury, Mass, 1864.

RECIPES.

RUSKS.—The preparatory steps for rusks are the same as for rolls. When the yeast is ready mix a quarter of a pound of sugar into a quart of flour, a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, and a teaspoon of grated nutmeg. Stir three well beaten eggs into the yeast, mix to a soft dough, knead well, make into little cakes, rise and bake well. Never allow [illegible] during the whole process. When done, rub over with the white of an egg, and sift over the cakes some powdered white sugar.

CORN BREAD DODGERS.—Sift your meal, allow the usual quantity of salt, work it up with water (hot we prefer,) into a pretty stiff mass. Better for standing awhile. Grease a hot pan, and lay in it longish cakes about the length of your hand, upon which the said member of your body usually leaves its print. Bake in a quick oven. The crust of a good dodger should be brown, and no thicker than a knife-blade.

HOE CAKES.—Are made of Indian meal mixed with milk into a dough rather stiffer than batter. They are baked just as batter cakes, and are better far a little shortening.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Is hoe cake spread on a smooth board and baked before a clear, brisk fire until well done.

EGG BREAD.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir into a pint of sweet or sour milk with a little soda in it; mix in a large spoon of butter. Over a quart of sifted meal pour enough hot water to scald it, stirring it to a stiff, smooth mass. Mix this into the milk, beat it well and bake it in a pan or muffin rings. Very good bread can be made by the above recipe without eggs if soda and sour milk are used. We do not vouch for the healthiness of this or any other soda bread.

INDIAN BATTER CAKES.—On a quart of corn meal pour enough scalding water to wet it. Stir hard until it is smooth and nearly cool. Melt into it a large spoonful of butter; mix in six well beaten eggs, and a pint of sweet milk, also a handful of wheaten flour; sprinkle in a due quantity of salt. Fry your cakes on a clean, smooth, hot griddle. Fry of regular shapes, and brown. If the batter needs thinning, use a little milk.

RICE CAKES.—Having boiled some rice flour into a stiff mush, mix by receipt for Indian batter-cakes, with a spoonful of wheat flour mixed in to bind it. You may use one-half of soft-boiled rice in preparing griddle-cakes by the recipe given for wheaten or Indion batter-cakes, and find them quite as good as those prepared of rice flour.

MARBLE CAKE.—For the white part, mix 1 cup of water, 3 of white sugar, 1 of sweet milk, 5 of flour, ½ teaspoonful of soda, 1 of cream of tartar, whites of 3 eggs, and flavor with lemon extract. For the colored part, take 1 cup of butter, 3 of brown sugar, 1 of molasses, 1 of sweet milk, 4 of flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, and 2 of cream of tartar, the yolks of 8 eggs, and 1 whole egg; season with cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves; this alone makes a good spice cake. To make the marble cake, first put in a pan a layer of the spice cake, then of the white, and so on until the loaf is complete, finishing with the spice cake. The above quantity will make two loaves in six quart pans.

POP CORN PUDDING.—Crush popped corn with a rolling pin on a table, and then grind it into coarse meal in a common coffee mill: or in a mill of large size, it may be ground at once without rolling. One pint of corn will make about sixteen pints when popped, and this will measure about eight pints when ground. To make the pudding, mix 5 pints of the meal with four pints of sweet milk, place it where it will warm slightly, and let it soak an hour or two. Then let it cool, and add two eggs, sugar, raisins, and spice as for a rice pudding. Set it on a hot stove and boil a few minutes, stirring it several times to get the meal well mixed with the milk. Then bake it about an hour, and serve while hot.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

TO CAN GREEN CORN.—"L. S. G.," wishes some one to inform him how to can green corn for winter use. I will inform him that I keep it for winter use in brine. I take the corn, white is best, cut off the cob and put in first a layer of salt and then one of corn in a keg, and so on until I get it as full as desired, and then put on a cover that will fit inside the keg, and put on a weight. If the brine does not rise three or four inches above the cover by next day I make a brine that will bear an egg, and pour on it. If the corn is not kept under brine it will mould. When wanted for use drain it out of the brine and put it on the stove in cold water; let it boil; change the water; boil again until it is fresh enough for use; then drain off the water and take one pint of sweet cream or milk, and a little flour, and a lump of butter and put in it; let it boil again and you have an excellent dish. L. A. L.

A REMEDY FOR WARTS.—*Limerick Square P. O, Montgomery County, Pa.*—A correspondent who signs himself "D S S., of Flat Brookville, N. J., wishes to know a remedy for warts and a hard substance resembling a corn on horses. I will now give him a sure cure, if he uses the remedy according to directions: *Cure for Corns.*—Pare the part very thin, then apply spirits of salt once or twice a week, till it has cored out; keep all dirt and gravel from the parts. *Cure for Warts.*—Apply the Stramonium ointment to the wart every other day till it has sloughed off, and a sure cure is warranted. J. B. LONGAKER, V. S.

WAITING FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

By the blue Potomac waters,
By the Rappahannock's line,
By the sunny Southern rivers,
'Neath the holly and the pine,
Falling in the shock of battle,
Wounded in their blood they lie—
Pining with the dark malaria—
So our youthful patriots die.

In the city, in the village,
In the hamlet far away,
Sit the mothers, watching, waiting,
For their soldier boys to-day.
They are coming, daily coming,
One by one, and score by score,
In their leaden casings folded,
Underneath the flag they bore.

Thinks the mother, weeping, wailing,
And expectant all the day—
When his regiment was summoned,
How her soldiers went away;
With his bayonet a-gleaming,
With his knapsack on his back,
With his blanket wrapped and folded,
And his home-filled haversack.

Thinking of the courage swelling
In his eyes and in his heart,
Though a manly tear was rolling
When he kissed her to depart
Thinking of his precious letters,
Written by the camp-fire's glow,
Rich in love of home and country,
And of her who bade him go.

Counting now the lagging moments
For the knocking at the door,
For the shuffling and the tramping
Feet of strangers on the floor;
Bringing in their precious burden,
Leaving her to grief and tears;
To the sorrow and the mourning
Darkening all the coming years.

THE REBELLION.

OPERATIONS NORTH OF THE JAMES RIVER.

The Fight on Tuesday.

ON NEW MARKET ROAD, NORTH SIDE JAMES RIVER, August 16, evening.—The operations of our forces, under Major General Hancock, on the north side of the James River to-day have been of a very interesting and important character. The troops on both sides have been very skillfully handled. They have had hard fighting and heavy losses. The hardest fighting took place in front of the enemy's works, near Flusser's mill pond, between the Central and Charles City roads; but spirited skirmishing also occurred up the Charles City road, where it is crossed by Deep Bottom Creek, and near White's Tavern, about seven miles from Richmond.

From Strawberry Plains, where the troops were marshaled, they had already moved out in columns and deployed in such a manner as to command the three principal thoroughfares from this vicinity into Richmond. It is obvious that the policy of the enemy, under these circumstances, would be to maneuvre his forces so as to meet those dispositions. And the result has been that movements and counter-movements have been made on both sides, with alternate temporary advantages and reverses.

At an early hour a reconnoisance in considerable force was made up the Charles City road, for the purpose of developing the enemy's strength and position, with a view to a vigorous assault whenever a favorable opportunity might be afforded. Gen'l Gregg, in executing the orders for this movement marched his cavalry command along the Charles city road as far as deep bottom creek, where it was joined by a brigade of infantry under General Miles, of Barlow's division, and then both cavalry and infantry, operating in conjunction, moved upon the enemy. He was driven by our forces from the creek, and continued falling back, with an occasional halt and show of resistance.

While our cavalry was thus following up the retiring enemy, there was one point where a stand was attempted. The enemy's cavalry was being disposed to meet us, when the 16th Pennsylvania, in Col. Gregg's brigade, charged down the road. No sooner had they heard our bugles sound the charge, than the rebels hastily departed. They were part of Gen. W. H. F. Lee's cavalry division, the brigade immediately confronting Gregg being commanded by Gen. Chambliss.

The rebel General endeavored to rally his troopers, but without avail, for when the head of our charging column was close upon the rear of the flying fugitives he was seen almost alone upon the field, where his men had deserted him while he was striving to rally them. It was an exciting scene—the column of our cavalry dashing forward on the field, the rebels retreating, and their general, at the post of danger, attempting to inspire them with his own courage and high sense of military honor. But a bullet soon killed his horse, and another pierced the breast of the youthful general. He died almost instantly, and his body is now in our possession. He was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, in the class of 1852, but, anxious to substitute the joys of domestic life for the vicissitudes of the service, he resigned his commission in the Mounted Rifles on the 4th of March, 1854, several years before this civil war broke out, and retired to private life.

Upon the body we found a valuable military map and a pocket Testament. It appears to be clearly manifest that he must have had some strange forebodings of his unhappy fate: for, on the fly leaves of this pocket Testament he had first his name and rank, "J. R. Chambliss, Brigd'r.-General, P. A. C. S., March, 1864," and in addition to a few striking passages of Scripture, this prophetic prediction, as it may be called, and polite request: "If I am killed in this struggle, will some kind friend deliver this book to my dear wife? S. R. C., Jr., June 8th, 1864."

It may be a pleasing reflection to his relatives and friends, especially his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, to know that his remains have fallen into the hands of those who, just after he had been stricken down, recognized in the face of the dying general the features of one who had been their companion long ago; that in obedience to the orders of General Hancock, while the body was carried to the rear, so that it could not be recovered as a trophy of war, it has been buried decently at the "Potteries," on the New Market and Malvern Hill road, near Bailey's creek, and a headboard placed above the grave, with the name and rank of the deceased, so that his resting place may be remembered in case it should afterwards be deemed desirable by his friends to have his remains removed.

After the death of the rebel General Chambliss, our forces, under Gregg and Miles, pushed their reconnoissance along the Charles City road to within nearly half a mile of White's Tavern, which is about seven miles from Richmond. A strong line of intrenchments, with artillery, was ascertained to be not far beyond, and it was not deemed prudent to attack it. The object of the reconnoissance had been fulfilled. Consequently, in obedience to orders, General Miles withdrew from that advanced position, and, returning by the same route by which he had marched out in the morning, he took up a position to protect the right flank of the troops which were in line of battle under the more immediate command of Gen. Birney.

During the afternoon, however, whilst Miles was returning to his old position, the enemy, who had been massing troops near White's Tavern, came sweeping down the Charles City road with cavalry and infantry, and forced General Gregg to withdraw his cavalry to the north side of Deep Bottom run, a distance of nearly two miles from the point to which he had advanced this morning. He now holds the same position that he held before he went out on the reconnoissance. Among the loss in Miles' brigade, which will probably be one hundred and fifty, are several who were captured by the enemy in the dense jungle through which his troops were compelled to pass.

Among the wounded in the cavalry, which will be near one hundred, is Col. Gregg, of the 16th Pennsylvania, commanding the advanced brigade who was shot in the wrist during the reconnoisance this morning. Gens. Gregg and Miles have been complimented for their efficiency.

In the mean time, while these operations were transpiring on the right of our line, General Birney was conducting still more active operations towards the centre, whilst Barlow and Mott were performing the functions assigned them on the left. Having previously placed most of his forces in position, between the Central and Charles City roads, the left of his line resting near Flussier's millpond, Gen. Birney made a very vigorous attack. General R. F. Foster's brigade of Terry's division, led the advance, supported on the right flank by Colonel Craig's, and on the centre by Col. Pond's and Hawley's.

These troops advanced in gallant style, and soon striking the enemy's skirmish line, which was longer than ours, and entrenched, Pond's and Hawley's brigades were deployed to the right, and it was not long before there was a spirited engagement with the enemy. Some of Birney's batteries, assisted by those under Ames and Roder, replied with full effect to the enemy's artillery, doing great execution among the troops which were marching on to support the line. Crossing a deep ravine and going through an almost impenetrable jungle, Birney's troops, under the supervision of General Terry, captured the first line of rifle pits and some forty or fifty prisoners. The troops were reformed in this line, when Pond's brigade, supported by Hawley's, assisted on the left by a regiment of colored troops, made a grand charge on the main line and carried it, capturing four colors, it is said—although I have seen but two—and about two hundred prisoners.

Among the rebel killed, prisoners say, was Colonel Gherardie, commanding the rebel Gen. Wright's brigade, while the General is away on leave of absence. The fire was terrific for a time, and the losses on both sides were serious. After the works were taken two brigades of Turner's division were brought forward to assist in holding the intrenchments we had captured.

After the main line had been secured Colonel Craig's brigade of Mott's division, was sent to follow up the enemy's retirement; but our progress was soon checked by assaults made by the enemy's reinforcements. Colonel Craig, who was a most gallant and meritorious officer, was killed by a bullet in the head. Colonel Osborne, commanding one of Turner's brigades, was wounded. Lieutenant Colonel McGilbray, commanding artillery for Birney, was slightly wounded, and Captain Briscoe, one of Birney's aides-de-camp, was slightly wounded in the abdomen.

Birney captured two hundred and seventy-six prisoners, sixteen of whom are commissioned officers. They belong to some of the brigades and divisions of D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's corps. There was a report among their troops that Lee was there in person.

In the course of the afternoon the enemy had massed an immense number of troops in front of the position held by Birney; and though the enemy had failed to retake the position by a direct assault, he eventually regained it by manœuvring; for the topography of the country was of such a character that he was at length enabled to push a force through a ravine which separated one brigade of ours from another; partly in consequence of which and partly because our lines were not correspondingly advanced on the right and left of the captured point, rendering the line liable to be enfiladed, as indeed it actually was, Gen. Birney was compelled to withdraw his troops from that advanced position, which, however, is now between the opposing forces, and is not held by either party.

Our losses thoughout the day will no doubt exceed a thousand in killed, wounded and captured. From the statements of prisoners and the number of killed and wounded which we have seen, it is believed that the enemy's casualities would not be covered by that number.

HEADQUARTERS 10TH ARMY CORPS, Aug. 16.—Evening.—The fight of to-day will be officially reported upon and hereafter known as the battle of Deep Run, it having already been so christened by Major-General Birney. The results of the contest may be summed up briefly as follows: We are in possession to-night of the dead bodies of two rebel generals, four rebel battle flags, four hundred prisoners and are advanced beyond the position we held when operations opened this morning.

MR. DAVIS ON PEACE AND ITS TERMS.

A long account of Col. Jacquess' interview with Jeff. Davis is published. It adds but little to the previous knowledge of the futile result of that interview. The following is an extract from the account of this interview. Colonel Jacquess had just been picturing the horrors of war, and Davis replied:

"I know your motives, Colonel Jaques, and I honor you for them; but what can I do more than I am doing? I would give my poor life, gladly, if it would bring peace and good will to the two countries; but it would not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat fields, burn the wheels of wagons carrying away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for our sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and crime of this war, and it is a fearful, fearful account."

"Not all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but is not all at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unarmed men are hanged and prisoners are shot down in cold blood by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering the war on both sides that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name, then, let us stop it. Let us do something, concede something, to bring about peace. You cannot expect, with only four and a half millions, as Mr Benjamin says you have, to hold out forever against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there are twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do—to crush your government. A small number of our people, a very small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends—secessionists. The rest differ about measures and candidates, but are united in the determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, he must be committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looked incredulous. I remarked:

"It is so, sir. Whoever tells you otherwise deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lyceum lecturing in our large towns. At the close of these lectures it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer. This gives him an excellent opportunity of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before nearly a hundred of such associations all over the North—from Dubuque to Bangor—and I took pains to ascertain the feelings of the people. I found a unanimous determination to crush the rebellion and save the Union at every sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln, and nearly all of those opposed to him are opposed to him because they think he does not fight you with enough vigor. The radical Republicans, who go for slave suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him, if he is to be defeated. But if he is defeated before the people the House will elect a worse man—I mean worse for you. It is more radical than he is—you can see that from Mr. Ashley's Reconstruction bill—and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out five hundred thousand more men, and I can't see how you can resist much longer; but if you do you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They will now give you fair, honorable, generous terms; but let them suffer much more, let there be a dead man in every house, as there is now in every village, they will give you no terms—they will insist on hanging every rebel south of ——. Pardon my terms. I mean no offence."

"You give no offence," he replied, smiling very pleasantly. "I wouldn't have you pick your words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the better for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to say that, let the Northern people once really feel the war—they do not feel it yet—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well, admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of those things."

"By self-government you mean disunion—Southern independence?"

"Yes."

"And Slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?"

"No, it is not, it never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences?"

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or disunion."

"Yes; or, to put it in other words: independence or subjugation."

"Then the two governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out. But it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting and want peace; and as they bear all the burden and the suffering of the war, is it not right they should have peace, and have it on such terms as they like?"

"I don't understand you. Be a little more explicit."

"Well, suppose the two governments should agree to something like this: To go to the people with two propositions, say, peace, with disunion and Southern independence—and peace, with Union, emancipation, no confiscation and universal amnesty as ours. Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote, 'Yes' or 'No' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority votes disunion, our government to be bound by it, and to let you go in peace. If a majority vote Union, yours to be bound by it, and to stay in peace. The two governments can contract in this way, and the people, though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of the two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant meanwhile agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword: and if once sheathed it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If the South were only one State it might work; but as it is, if one Southern State objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing; for you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote slavery out of South Carolina, nor the people of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way—in any way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not know how such a plan could be carried out; but you get the idea—that the people shall decide the question."

"That the majority shall decide it, you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the will of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule, finally, either with bullets or ballots."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who should go before the Southern people with such a proposition, with any proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the domestic relations of the South, could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree, without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged if he let the Southern people know the majority couldn't rule," I replied, smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good humoredly. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"But, seriously, sir, you let the majority rule in a single State; why not let it rule in the whole country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a confederation of States, or rather it was; it is now two confederations."

"Then we are not a people—we are only a political partnership."

"That is all."

THE RELEASED PRISONERS.

Gen. Seymour's Experience.

[From the Troy Times, August 14.]

Gen. Seymour, recently exchanged at Charleston with other Union officers, arrived in Troy last evening, and left this morning for Williamstown, Massachusetts, where he awaits orders from Washington. Gen. S. is quite feeble from the effects of confinement and insufficient food. Up to the period when he was transferred to Charleston, he suffered great hardships, and was afforded hardly sufficient food to maintain life. On the way from Richmond to Charleston himself and associates were subjected to the most outrageous indignities, and were often confined in common jails, along with the worst fellows. At Charleston, although they were nominally placed under fire, they were decently treated. During the six weeks he was there, only one shell came near them, and that did no damage. The city is badly cut up by the firing from our batteries, and as many as fifty shells a day are hurled into the secession hot-bed. Buildings on all sides are torn to pieces, and the damage is very great. From the "wreck of matter" produced by our firing, it would seem that there will not be much of Charleston left if the shelling is continued as at present. Gen. Seymour is in good spirits, confident that we are making steady progress in reducing the rebellion, and holding fast to the faith that we shall destroy it altogether.

General Seymour was stationed at Charleston some two or three years before the war commenced. He, therefore, had many influential acquaintances there, and to them he was indebted for generous courtesies during his late involuntary stay among them. He conversed freely with them about the war. He told them the North would never yield: that the determination of the people was to wipe out the rebellion and save the Union, no matter what sacrifices the great work should involve. Their chief hope was based upon a political reaction in the loyal States, by which a peace Democrat should be elected to succeed Mr. Lincoln as President. He told them that event was not likely to occur, but if it did, it would be the result of a monstrous deception practiced upon the people, and they would never submit to such a peace as the South required; there would be general revolution and chaos first. When the intelligence came that President Lincoln had made a call for "five hundred thousand more," they were much depressed and manifested unmistakable indications of discouragement. We have only got to press right onward against the cohorts of treason, and spare not, and the rebellion will inevitably collapse, and that much sooner than many persons believe.

THREATENED INVASION OF INDIANA.

Precautions of the Military Authorities.

A letter from Indianapolis to the Chicago Tribune, dated Aug. 10, says:

"General Carrington received information today that a force of one thousand rebels, with two pieces of artillery, under Col. Adam Johnson, are at Morganfield, Kentucky, and are threatening Mount Vernon, Indiana. Some one thousand five hundred others under Cols. Taylor, Syphert and Jessie, are scattered through Henderson, Davis and Hancock counties, making ready for a raid into this State.

"The Ohio river is very low, and is fordable at nine places between the Illinois line and a point one hundred miles above, and for sixty miles of this distance the gunboats cannot be of service on account of the low stage of water.

"General Carrington has picketed the entire shore, and made a requisition on Governor Morton for twenty-five thousand of the legion to protect the border. A detachment of veteran troops will leave for Mount Vernon in the morning.

"A later despatch to General Carrington says that General Syphert, with some four hundred and fifty men, attacked a detachment of the Forty-eighth Kentucky at Salem, Ky., and was handsomely repulsed, and that Johnson had left Morganfield yesterday noon, and gone towards Salem to reinforce Syphert."

MISCELLANEOUS.

LYNCHING AFFAIR.

[From the Washington Star, 22d.]

This morning a train left the depot in this city with about six hundred soldiers, of different regiments, on their way to join Sheridan's command at Harper's Ferry. While at Beltsville, where a detachment of the Veteran Reserve Corps is on duty, the train switched off, and the soldiers on it amused themselves by throwing apples at the Veteran Reserve Guard, and calling them epithets indicating them as being "home guards," afraid to fight, &c. This irritated the guard, and a sergeant in charge, whose name we understand to be Porter, picked up a musket and fired upon the train, wounding one soldier slightly and killing Joseph Laughlin, Company E, 11th Vermont. (Another informant who was also on the train, says the soldier's name who was killed was John McLoflin, and that he belonged to the 18th Vermont.)

As soon as the act of shooting was perpetrated the soldiers got off the train and beat Sergeant Porter in a terrible manner, at the same time ascertaining that the man killed had not thrown any apples or used any epithets. Sergeant Porter, we understand, was subsequently taken to a tree near by, allowed three minutes to say his prayers, and then bayoneted until life was extinct.

The guard of which Porter had charge were unable to render him any assistance, as the force was but small. The parties, too, who inflicted this summary punishment upon Porter were requested to take him to Baltimore and have him regularly tried; but this was refused, the soldiers preferring to take the law in their own hands.

Porter, it is said, belonged to Company D, Eighteenth Veteran Reserve Corps. His time had almost expired, and he was to have been discharged to-day.

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

An Edinburg paper says, a merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships, on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years, and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposure than this has, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia, ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatism, to be a source of torture for a life time. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years the danger which attends the cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, of sitting at a window or door, or of pulling off any garment even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.

DREADFUL CASE OF DEPRAVITY.—A recent occurrence at Patterson, N. J., shows a horrible state of morals among a certain neglected class of the community. It seems that a girl, aged thirteen years, belonging to a vagabond, poverty-stricken family, picked up from the street a little child of two years, that had wandered from the house of its mother, carried it home, and after stripping the clothes from the infant, threw it into a well. A younger sister of the murderess testified that the "clothes were stripped from the baby for their own (meaning the murderess' sister's baby." That she (this girl of nine years) looked into the well and saw the baby kicking in the water, and ran away into the house. The heartlessness of the two girls shows either a greater degree of natural depravity than usually belongs to children, or that they had been schooled in vice and crime from early infancy by brutal parents. From the accounts published in the Patterson papers, this last would seem to have been the case, as when the murderess was arrested the mother attempted to rescue her from the officers of justice, and fought and tore at the officers, cursing and swearing at a fearful rate. The mother at that time had to be arrested and sent to jail, only coming out yesterday at 10 o'clock, a few hours before her daughter was rearrested for murder. The destitution of this family may be understood when our readers learn that the children have been entirely naked a greater part of the day when their only clothing was being washed and dried. Two of the girls had previously been arrested for stealing shoes from better clad children in the street.

A MILLIONAIRE.—Mr. Toby, the new President of the Hudson River Railroad, is a millionaire. He is not yet forty years of age. He began life as a steamboat clerk with Com. Vanderbilt. When he took his position the Commodore gave him two orders, first to collect fare of everybody, and have no dead-heads on the boat. Second, to start the boat on time, and wait for nobody. The Commodore then lived at Staten Island. Toby obeyed his orders so literally that he collected fare of the Commodore the first evening, and left him on the wharf the next morning, as the boat could not wait. The Commodore was coming down the wharf leisurely, and supposed of course the boat would wait for him. He proved a man after Vanderbilt's own heart. He became his confidential agent and broker, bought and sold Harlem, and made for himself a fortune. A year ago Mr. Sloane had some words with Jerome, the broker. Jerome said to him, "I'll be your master shortly." He kept his threat, and when Mr. Sloane lost his position as President of the Hudson River Railroad, Vanderbilt said, "Toby has got money; give him position;" and so he was made President of the road.

CURIOUS STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.—When the war broke out, says the Boston Journal, a young man enlisted and carried to the field with him a photograph of his betrothed. He was taken prisoner and confined for a long period in the Libby Prison at Richmond. While there one of the rebel officers on duty, happening to have seen the photograph, appropriated it and refused to return it to the owner. The officer seemed infatuated with the likeness of the Northern beauty; and, in order to have opportunity to talk about her, made himself the instrument of many kindnesses to the captive. At last the young soldier was exchanged, and in due time joined his regiment. During a recent battle he was at the front, and seeing a rebel officer very prominently engaged in directing his command, the Massachusetts soldier levelled his piece and shot the rebel commander. Our men advanced at the same moment, and, on passing the spot where the dead rebel lay, the soldier recognized him as the officer who had appropriated his lady-love's photograph. The officer's pockets were searched and the missing picture found. The above is no romance, but a veritable incident among the many curious ones which crowd the history of the war.

SHEET ZINC FOR ROOFING.—A report of a committee appointed by the Central Society of Architects in Paris, recommends that zinc, which was at first rejected, but is now so generally used, should be applied with great care, as certain precautions, very simple, but never to be overlooked, are indispensable. Thus, contact with plaster, which contains destructive salt, is to be avoided: also, contact with iron, which is very injurious, and liable to cause a rapid oxidation. Eave-gutters should always be supported by galvanized brackets, and no gutter or sheet zinc should be laid on oak boards.

THE FRIENDS of gun-cotton are pressing its advantages over gunpowder very actively. Its weight is only one sixth of that of gunpowder. It produces no smoke; it does not foul; it does not heat. With but one-fourth of the weight of a gunpowder charge, it gives equal initial velocity, and in shells one-third of the weight produces double the explosive force. Time, damp and exposure do not alter its qualities.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has decided that the act of Congress of July 13th, 1861, and the proclamation of the President issued in pursuance of that act, applies only to goods coming from or proceeding to interdicted places while *in transitu*, and not after they are landed and have passed into the hands of a bona fide purchaser.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY was a strong advocate of cheerful Sabbaths; but his opponents replied, "Sacrilege against the Lord."

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

Ye little snails
With slippery tails,
Who noiselessly travel
Along this gravel,
By a silvery path of slime unsightly,
I learn that you visit my pea rows nightly.
Felonious your visit I guess!
And I give you this warning,
That, every morning,
I'll strictly examine the pods;
And if one I hit on,
With slaver or spit on,
Your next meal shall be with the gods!

I own you are a very ancient race,
And Greece and Babylon were amid;
You have tenanted many a royal dome,
And dwelt in the oldest pyramid;
The source of the Nile!—oh, you have been there!
In the ark was your floodless bed;
On the moonless night of Marathon
You crawled o'er the mighty dead;
But still though I reverence your ancestries,
I don't see why you should nibble my peas.
The meadows are yours—the hedgerow and brook—
You may bathe in their dews at morn;
By the aged sea you may sound your shells,
In the mountains erect your horn;
The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,
Then why—in the name of wonder—
Should my six pea rows be the only cause
To excite your midnight plunder?

I have never disturbed your slender shells,
You have hung round my aged walk,
And each may have sat, till he died in his fat,
Beneath his own cabbage stalk;
But now you must fly from the soil of your sires,
Then put on your liveliest crawl,
And think of your poor little snails at home,
Now orphans or emigrants all.
Utensils domestic, and civil and social,
I give you an evening to pack up;
But if the moon of this night does not rise o'er your flight,
To-morrow I'll hang each man-jack up.
You'll think of my peas and your thievish tricks,
With tears of silence when crossing the Styx.
P. S.—If darkness should not let thee read this,
Furtive snail,
Go ask thy friend, the glow-worm,
For his tail.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Old Sweethearts.

It is pleasant to meet old friends, but exceedingly trying to meet an old sweetheart. Lavender is not more "trying" to the complexion of a brunette. 'Twas in life's early forenoon that you knew her, when existence wore nice new clothes, dyed in the establishment of the rainbow. You quoted poetry to her by the hour, took moonlight strolls and drives, and quoted various little things addressed to night's luminary by the poets, which you found in the "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations," and committed to memory after hours of painful study. She was in raptures, and said you had *such* a memory—you remembered everything you read. You wore Byronical collars in those days, cultivated a raven moustache, for which you was indebted to the hair-dyer, spent a good deal of time on your hair, which was inclined to curl, and was mildly given to gin and water. Sweetheart used to chide you for the latter habit, but it was evident to you that you wouldn't be half the romantic hero that you was, without a little dissipation, so you never "got a medal." You wrote unutterable poetry in her album, and gave her your miniature crimson-velvet case. You dreamed away hours in building atmospheric country-seats, in which your sweetheart and you were the only residents, with nothing to do but wander amid flowery paths and quote from those impractical writers styled poets.

"Years have outstretched their shadowy wings between." You didn't marry sweetheart somehow, and love with its stern realities drove all thoughts of her from your mind. You are brought together again unexpectedly, and memory, expert telegraph operator that she is puts you in instant communication with olden times. Sweetheart has faded of course, and so have you. As you doff your hat in salutation, you read a surprise in her look, and then you remember that your hair don't curl any more; the cares of life have plowed furrows in your "Grecian forehead," as she delighted once to call it, and time, with his scythe, has mowed away quite a clearing on top of your head. You havn't an empty hair-dye bottle, even to remind her of the raven moustache of other days, and your sandy beard needs trimming sadly. Sweetheart laughs at some poorly executed joke, (ghosts of that once captivating wit), and you perceive she has a front tooth gone, and you never noticed before that she had such a homely profile. You are suddenly and forcibly reminded that time is "on the wing," and you are growing old.

Sweetheart introduces her husband to you, and tells him with a titter, (which is a painful caricature of her girlish laugh, once so musical and fascinating you compared it to the dipping of pliant willows in the waterfall, don't you remember?) that you are "an old beau." Then turning to you, she inquires, "Do you love poetry as much as you ever did?" Poetry! stuff! You put your hand on the Tribune almanac and affirm that you had not read a line of poetry for years. During the day you go about your business in a wandering manner. The old days come back again, and you live in the past. You go home, and the presence of your family not at all visionary or unreal, dispels the unsubstantial visions conjured by unexpectedly meeting "an old sweetheart."

The Dark Side of the Picture.

A Front street merchant, young, stout and healthy, after thinking over the matter for several days, concluded that glory was not much after all, and that he would rather attend to his business than fight on the field of battle. Impressed with this idea, and also the general one that he was liable to draft, he put six hundred dollars in his pocket and started out in search of a substitute. A short distance from his store he met a stout, healthy darky, a man who had worked for him, and said: "Sam, I want a substitute." "Yes, sar," and the darky laughed. "Now if you will go in my place," continued the merchant, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I will give you six hundred dollars. "Yah, yah," laughed Sam. "Lord bress you, you aint anywheres! I's got eight hundred dollars myself all ready to buy a white man in case I's drafted. Dat's what's the matter." Our Front street friend continued his search.

Only a Cow.

A clerical brother of ours had a sharp little sis, and who, of course, is made to say the Commandments on Sundays, and other good things which children ought to know. She is very fond of milk, but her papa cannot conveniently keep a cow. So one day she was looking out of the window very wishfully at neighbor Jones' barn-yard, where lay a nice milker chewing her cud, the very picture of comfort. "I wish Mr. Jones' cow was papa's, mama." "No, my daughter," said her mother; "that is breaking the tenth commandment, you know." Sis was wonderfully still for a moment; but at last she had her logic ready: "Well, mama, 'twouldn't be very naughty, for 'tisn't an ox nor an ass; 'tis only a cow!"

About Wives.

An editor down East says a man got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that several men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts by saying that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife!

Playing Dead.

When Sammy, the minister's little son, was happy in the possession of a new lot of toys, a young lady friend came, to whom he wished to exhibit his treasures and explain their uses; and wishing to have his friend all to himself, his wits devised a way of keeping his brother quiet, so he made this proposition, "Tommy you play *dead* while I show Miss B., these playthings!"

AN IRISH BANK is said to have saved its credit by paying its notes in red hot sovereigns. The demand for coin suddenly abated under the circumstances.

"I'LL COMMIT YOU; you're a nuisance." said a justice to a noisy fellow in court. "Nobody has a right to commit a nuisance," was the cool reply.

A FRIEND inquires if the prophet alluded to the present time of greenbacks and currency, when he said, "I will take away all thy *tin*."

"WHAT'S the news, bub?" said a man to a newsboy yesterday. "Four cents, sir," was the prompt reply.

NO MAN man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.

Omit my 1 2 5 6 7 and 9 and transpose, and I am used in writing.

Omit my 1 2 3 4 6 and 7 and transpose, and I am a metal unrefined.

Omit my 1 2 4 6 7 and 8, and I am a negative particle.

Omit my 2 3 4 7 8 and 9 and I am to vegetate.

Omit my 4 5 and 6 and transpose, and I am a kind of verbal noun.

Omit my 2 3 4 6 8 and 9 and transpose, and I am a domestic animal.

Omit my 1 2 4 6 7 8 and 9, and I am an adverb.

Omit my 1 2 4 and 6 and transpose, and I am a bee that makes no honey.

Omit my 1 2 4 5 6 and 9 and transpose, and I am a boy's nickname.

Omit my 1 2 3 4 5 and 6 and transpose, and I am a color.

Omit my 1 2 3 4 and 8 and transpose, and I am a single part of speech.

Omit my 4 5 6 7 8 and 9, and I am an implement of war.

Omit my 1 2 4 5 and 6 and transpose, and I am a small bird.

Omit my 1 5 6 and 7 and transpose, and I am a dried plum.

Omit my 1 2 6 8 and 9 and transpose, and I am a small pool or lake of water.

Omit my 2 6 7 and 8 and transpose, and I am a part of a fork.

Omit my 1 2 3 6 8 and 9, and I am the case of seeds.

My whole has been in great demand since the war began. A. C.

Carlisle, Pa., 1864.

CONUNDRUMS.

A PRINTER'S CON.—Which is the most difficult punctuation? Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

When is neuralgia in the face like the ancient money-changers? When it is seated in the temple.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA *in last week's "Newspaper:"*—"*The Academy of Natural Sciences.*"